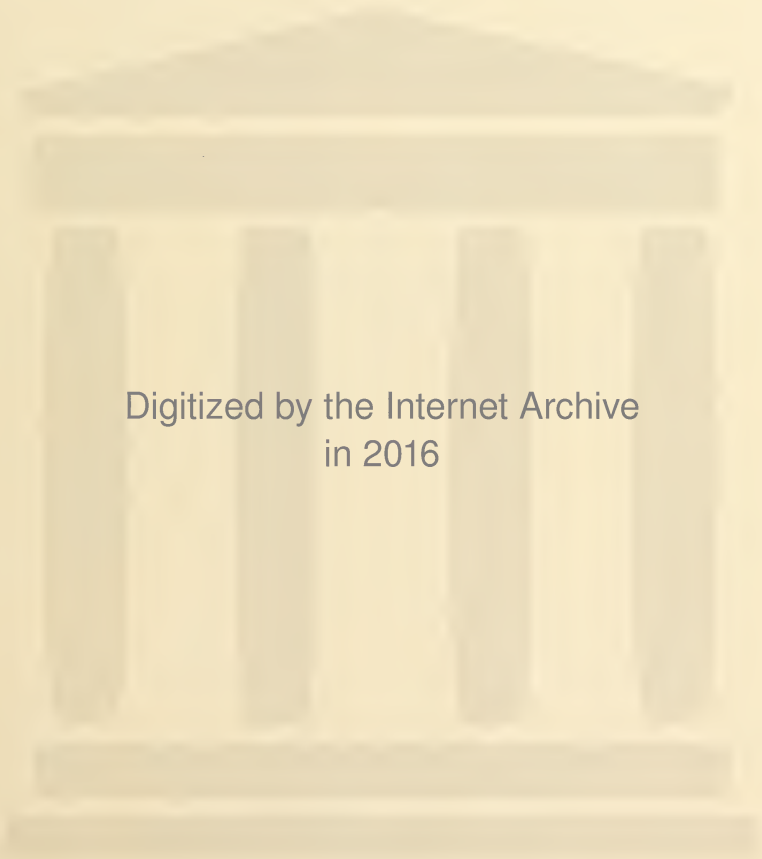
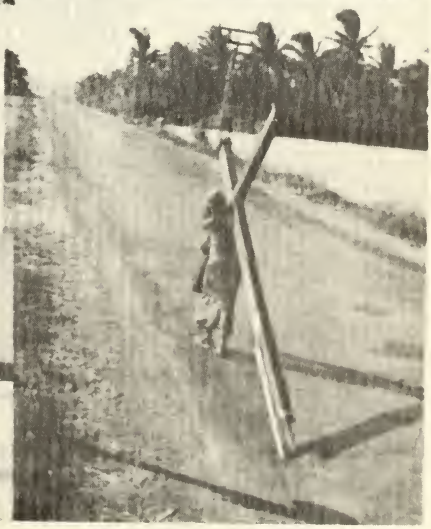
UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
LIBRARY

Archives


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/caesuraliterarym2819univ

›Ich dachte jetzt ist es aus‹



# CAESURA

FALL 1964

# CAESURA

FALL 1964

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

# CÆSURA

The Literary Magazine

Of The University Of Massachusetts

## THE STAFF


MAIDA HURWITZ, *Editor*

EDITORIAL BOARD

SUSAN TRACY, *Associate Editor*
DAVID AXELROD
JIM CORTESE
MARCIA ELASOWICH
DAVID HARACZ
GEOFFREY KENSETH
JANE MACFATE, *Secretary*
JOAN SCHOPPE
LOIS SKOLNICK
NORM TRUMP

ART BOARD

JULIE FIORE
BEA. ST. LAURENT

PAUL FEINBERG, *Business Manager*
DAVID PORTER, *Faculty Advisor*
MARGARET DAMM, *Faculty Art Advisor*



CÆSURA is published three times a year by undergraduates of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, Massachusetts and is edited by undergraduate and graduate students.

Subscription for the year is one dollar and fifty cents. Address: Box 104, Recognized Student Organizations, Student Union, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts.

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT, NUMBER ONE

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## FICTION


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Joe Krausman | *Feinberg, King of the World* | 5 |
| | *Three Parables* | 47 |
| M. Kelly Lombardi | *Rufus and His Stepdaughter* | 20 |
| Norm Trump | *Beach Scene* | 37 |


## POETRY


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Vaughn Sigouin | *The Legacy* | 10 |
| Judith Vannett | *(Untitled)* | 12 |
| Steve Riley | *Another Passing* | 13 |
| Eileen M. Vorse | *Augury* | 13 |
| Michael Kelly | *Picture at Sunset* | 14 |
| | *New York Sidewalk* | 15 |
| Susan Tracy | *Iron-Forged Trees* | 16 |
| | *Cat in the Pasture* | 16 |
| David Axelrod | *Talk of Good-by* | 17 |
| | *Dreams to Interpret* | 18 |
| | *Lovers Apart* | 18 |
| | *Man Out of Love: One* | 19 |
| David Haracz | *Girl Walking* | 43 |
| | *(Untitled)* | 43 |
| Martha Wiggins | *The Pleasure of Small Company* | 44 |
| Gerald Greenblatt | *(Untitled)* | 45 |
| Norman Trump | *(Untitled)* | 46 |
| | *(Untitled)* | 46 |
| L. F. O'Brien | *Impression* | 50 |
| | *Fountain Impression* | 51 |
| Roland Laramee | *A Time of Welcome Grey* | 52 |
| | *Tree Against the Dark* | 53 |
| Carl M. Sharpe | *Spring* | 54 |
| | *Winter* | 54 |
| James Greene, Jr. | *(Untitled)* | 55 |

## TABLE OF CONTENTS (continued)


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Cortese | *Omega as a State of Mind* | 56 |
| | *Bell* | 57 |
| Sandy Graham | *Morpheus* | 57 |
| James Neylon | *True Friendship, Once Ended* | 58 |
| | *Five Finger Exercise* | 59 |
| Hal Stowell | *Cleanness and Death* | 60 |

ESSAY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Susan Tracy | *The Martyred: A Review* | 61 |

ART

| | |
|---|---|
| Margaret Chen | 29-33 |
| Jody Norton | 34-36 |


Cover design: *Mt. Fuji Rose Dhyana* by Jody Norton


CÆSURA wishes to acknowledge Miss Deborah Chapin '64 for her essay, "The Wasteland and Four Quartets: A Search for Parallel Thought" (Commencement Issue, 1964). Credit was mistakenly omitted.

# FEINBERG, KING OF THE WORLD

Joe Krausman

*(Life is dreaming, and good living is having a pleasant dream.)*

Freud, or someone else.

Feinberg, King of the World, sat on a throne of gold, wearing the diamond crown, and holding the ruby scepter. Five hundred wenches lined up every night, begging to have his body.

"Oh, I would go to hell itself, never to return; I would be anything, in this world or the next, for one night with your majestic holiness," said the busty wench.

"Please, girl, I'm busy. Maybe tomorrow. Don't die for me; live on for my glory," said Feinberg.

"I'm so crazy about your body, Lord Feinberg, just let me touch it," said another wench.

"Don't bother me," said Feinberg, "I must go up to the mountain and accept the sin offerings from my sheep. Perhaps next July 9th, if I have some time."

Feinberg was the richest, kindest, strongest, most beautiful man in this, or any other world.

Feinberg had these thoughts as he peeled another potato. Fifteen months in the army, and he was only a private. But as long as one can dream, the most abject poverty, the most horrible illness, can become bearable, if not conquerable.

Feinberg, a nineteen-year-old college drop-out, joined the army in order to see the world, and learn the secrets of life, and all he found was potatoes. So, anytime the world would not accommodate Feinberg's wishes, he would invent a better one, which would transcend mundane necessity. And since the invention was a matter of choice, he would invent the best world, a world where he was king. Of course he kept his dreams to himself, for he knew if he spoke the others would consider him a fool. To the other soldiers he was just another private; a quiet, dreamy guy from Brooklyn, who kept his mouth shut, and was on permanent KP for going AWOL.

But all was not bad, even though Feinberg got into some trouble in Fort Devens. He missed a few formations, and didn't make his bed for a week. As a punishment he was put on permanent KP, but he was also sent to the Cape, a good place to be in the summer, a superb place for a dreamer, for the sea is a stimulator of thought, and a friend to the imagination. Every night after KP, Feinberg would walk along the beach, under the bright stars, and dream dreams of glory.

This was his sea, and his earth, and the stars shone to light his way. After the walk Feinberg would take a dip in the ocean and go to bed. He would dream of the hundred and one women who tried to ravish him, and of his refusal of the Nobel Prize: "Give the money to the orphanage in Stockholm," said the magnanimous Feinberg.

At night, in the barracks, Klein, a sharpie from East New York, would say what Feinberg only thought about. The greasy-haired Klein never stopped talking about all the girls he had, and what a wonderful guy he was:

> "Man, when I was back in New York, I was gettin' more broads than I could handle. New Bedford stinks . . . the people around here don't swing. They're just a bunch of hicks. In Brooklyn: four in one night. Yes sir, four. If I'm lying, I shouldn't live to get up from this lousy bed."

Feinberg listened to these tales all night. Klein fed him food

for dreams. Feinberg used Klein's material, but he thought Klein was still "full of crap."

Larry Higgins, a kid from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was company clerk. Higgins was the "all-American boy." He made corporal within a year, and was twice picked soldier-of-the-month. Higgins was co-captain of his high school football team. Every other weekend he would drive his red convertible back to Pittsfield, in order to see one of his many girl friends.

For some strange reason, Higgins took a shine to Feinberg. It was an attraction of contrast rather than of similarity. Although they lived in worlds apart, they became fast friends. But neither ever discussed with the other the instructions of his own dreams. One night, about two a.m., when Feinberg was fast asleep, he was shaken violently by two large, hairy hands. It was Higgins.

"Hein, Feinberg, get dressed quick," he yelled excitedly, "I have two broads in the car. Action . . . they're action!"

"Well, what do you want from me?" said the sleepy Feinberg.

"Get up, you stupid bastard. Do you want me to call Klein instead?"

Higgins dragged the pillow from under Feinberg's head and playfully sprinkled some water on him. Feinberg was Higgins' best buddy, so he chose him over all the other soldiers in the barracks for a night of love with girls who were action . . . action!

Feinberg was nervous about the whole situation. He did not want to offend his best buddy. But, only in his dreams did he spend nights in cars with girls. As King of the World he would know what to do, but in the precarious world of reality, there would be a chance of failure; and failure Feinberg couldn't face. But, he had to show Higgins that he was a man. He reluctantly put on his uniform. He didn't even wear shoes; he waddled out in shower clogs to meet his love.

The girls were standing in front of the Barracks near the convertible. They were two pretty young kids from Fall River, Janet, the girl for Feinberg, looked pretty good between her shoulders and navel. The well-breasted Janet should have been a delight to the eyes of any young red-blooded American boy. But Feinberg gazed upon her with apprehensiveness and dread.

It was a perfect night for love making; the moon shone brightly on Buzzard's Bay, the stars smiled down at lovers in cars, and two horny soldiers found girls who were action!

After Higgins made the introductions, he sat down in the front seat with Sally, and Feinberg sat down in the back seat with Janet. And they sped off in the red convertible, to make love by the sea.

Janet attempted to converse with the silent Feinberg:

"I have a cousin in Brooklyn," she said.

"That's nice."

"What did you do before you were in the Army?"

"School, I guess."

"Yeah, that's nice. What did you learn?" asked Janet.

"I was a chemistry major."

"That must be very interesting," said Janet.

"It wasn't. I flunked out."

"Oh," said Janet.

Feinberg thought it was his duty to question Janet. He had nothing to say. King of the World would have had his conquest by now, but Feinberg was still looking for questions.

"It must be quiet, living out here," Feinberg said.

"Yeah, it is."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a secretary for an insurance company."

"Oh, that's nice."

"Yeah."

"Do you like music?" Feinberg asked, while he was thinking of the next question.

"Yeah."

"Who is your favorite singer?" said Feinberg.

"I like Frank Sinatra."

"Oh, I like him too," Feinberg agreed.

"Yeah, he is real good."

"Yeah."

The car came to a halt and so did the conversation. Feinberg couldn't think of a thing to say. Higgins closed the convertible top and played the music of love on his twin speaker radio. Higgins immediately went to work with Sally. They got into a few movie clinches and went through all kinds of contortions. Feinberg thought it would be impolite to watch. But he just couldn't sit there. Feinberg, the dreamer of seduction, sat with a girl who was action; but he was frozen by a mysterious, incomprehensible power.

Feinberg made a move to put his arm around Janet, but drew back. He froze. He was afraid to breathe. Feinberg thought the

only thing to do would be to go to sleep. A fake sleep would cover his fears. Ha, I'm above and beyond women, thought Feinberg. Only a great man can go to sleep with a woman next to him. Feinberg shut his eyes and faked sleep, while Higgins and Sally went through motions in the front seat. Feinberg slept with one eye open. He was still tempted to grab Janet and rape her, but he could not act.

The girl, of course, took the sleep as a great insult. For what is woman, if not a form of vanity incased in skin? She sat there burning. The fire was kindled by the action in the front seat. Not only did she hate Feinberg, but she began to doubt her own womanly charms.

"Let's go, Sally," Janet said, "I have to get up very early tomorrow."

The lovers in the front seat were oblivious to her pleas. But Janet angrily insisted on going home. Higgins tried to wake Feinberg out of his fake sleep, but Feinberg kept dozing off.

Higgins was angry, Sally was angry, Janet was angry, but Feinberg was only frightened in his false stupor. They left. All the way back to the barracks, Feinberg kept up the fake sleep. When the girls were dropped off, Feinberg did not even say goodbye. Janet told Higgins that his friend was a real creep.

"Wake up, Feinberg. What kind of a deadhead are you anyhow?" said Higgins.

"Er . . . I was so damned tired, I couldn't keep awake," said Feinberg, trying to sound sleepy.

"Next time I pick up some broads I'll take loud-mouth Klein; in fact, I shoulda taken him in the first place," said Higgins.

Feinberg, King of the World, sadly went to bed with his uniform still on. He felt a strong guilt for he did not fulfill the wish of his friend; and he himself was unfulfilled as a man.

Feinberg thought, ah, if I were in the car again, she wouldn't get off so easily. He thought, if he only could have another chance, he would hug and kiss and squeeze the good Janet till she would cry in ecstasy, "Ah, Feinberg, you're the greatest in the world!" But tomorrow would not bring another chance with Janet; tomorrow would only bring a mountain of potatoes, doubts concerning the present, and fear about the future. So that evening when Feinberg, King of the World, fell asleep, he dreamed that he seduced the Queen of Singapore a thousand times in one night.

# THE LEGACY

Vaughn Sigouin

*"We must look upon ourselves as under a solemn divine probation, it hath been and it is a probation-time even to this whole whole people."*

—W. Stoughton

I

Through gray Essex in December
Bleak New England days unlimber,
Rift and flay sad heaving piers,
Dismember Essex all through winter.

Seaward stare the abandoned cottages,
Shutters blink and rock with spray
Then clatter down half-mast.
Seaward the depths of chapels
Choke a mouthful, and slowly
Sinks a last hosanna:
The Pilgrim's eye of prayer,
England's shrine of winds.

Daylight stirs on the departed sea-spent
Town, past derelict tugs reefing wake-white
Up this Atlantic brace from Vineyard
To Salem, with squinting lights on one side
And torment on the other.
For the rest that lie logged or shell-bleached
On broken rock: words less than gull-call
Over empty beach and empty sea.

## II

It was a December day, my love,
We stood near sea-walls
And a bright cafe.
You took my hand and laughed
At sea-gulls circling a battered pier
And children playing in the bay
Near gutted ship-bells tolling clay.

Then the snow on Commonwealth
Confines the stiffening year
To Lewisburg with carols muffled
By flake and tide, sounding
Like chimes of tin above the square.

## III

Plymouth wiped its feet across a hundred reefs
Then settled down to Harvard and its feast
On shoals where Quakers wept
Their new found holiday.
Boston, the forgotten tribes
Still feed on your rotting sides
And dinghies cling the coast
And Pilgrim's course to harbor,
Their black-damp sheets with backwash
From the tide and splitting beach.

The sea increases size
While in the pond,
Gray ice cracks back red brick
And click of skate slice
Echoes back against
The slack of fallen sky.

IV

With evening, my love,
Came this parable of evenings
And deserted rhyme; "An end
To love is an end to speech,"
You said, and we walked
For awhile,
From Lewisburg to Dock St.

From winterset to sunset
In my native country;
Each iron fence post clicked
By the branch — a bridge
For swallows,
And the gate below
The gull-work of a further sky.

## (Untitled)

Judith Vannett

Deep and screaming to escape,
The love and hate
Of a thousand years
Swirls wildly around me
And demands expression.

To cry until the tears
Have melted stones,
And at the same time
Laugh — full and loud
And fill the void with joy.

## ANOTHER PASSING

Steve Riley

I sense meetings of two
At junctures of passing
Where anticipation

Makes surprised pause in two:
Having gone to that planned —
Both then ending centered

The same way.
A laugh, silence,
A touch or syllable —
Then passing;

Something like decisions
Of career
In an instant,

Or a woman.

## AUGURY

Eileen M. Vorse

As I sit four people pass;
Two wear white, two black.
The grass is autumn brown, the sky gray.
The breeze is stilled.
It looks like rain.

Where are they going?
Two turn left, two right.
Will the sun return soon?
Maybe then they'll meet again.
But now it looks like rain.

And I'm not ready for it.
I left my raincoat home.

# PICTURE AT SUNSET

Michael Kelly

The sun dropped slowly
To the earth,
Casting an orange glow
Through the haze,
Daubing the yellow maples
With orange
As they stood waiting
For the night.
Then it sank into the earth,
Peeling the color away
From top to bottom
Leaving a path for the night.

## NEW YORK SIDEWALK

Michael Kelly

I watched it jump up from the street,
And run along like a schoolboy,
Laughing at the streets and the sky,
And meeting a building head-on.
It carefully kept from falling
Into elevators waiting to entrap it,
And paid no attention to the parking meters
Jabbed like spears into its flank.
Side-stepping cabals of garbage cans,
But yielding to the first of morning's
Clicking, hurrying feet,
It smiled and became an alley.
Then with all the majesty
Of a thick hotel-lobby carpet,
It jumped back into the street
To die for an intersection.

## IRON-FORGED TREES

Susan Tracy

Elms spread out like lace against the sky
— leaf knitted up witn branch, twig with tree —
Silence like a following shadow came
Across the short soft grass and after me.

These trees, trapped in darkness, grow like ice,
That starts as flowery crystals, ends like stone;
So lacy boughs from heavy trunks fall light.
There, in a world more airy than our own,

And heavy as the night now coming on,
The black-as-iron branches, rough and bare
Grow violently out. Storm-cracked, they hang
Darkly, on air.

## CAT IN THE PASTURE

Susan Tracy

He was no hunter — a household cat
Innocent as milk, though the terror of
The polished pigeons. Ah so long ago
He ran away to green high pastures,
To play in grass grown higher than himself
And glare from cracks of darkness.

We found him there still warm,
Curled up against dark stones
As if alive, ringed in by flowers —
Cornflowers, with bright blue eyes.
The sharp claws would be velvet
A long time now. And days of flies had come.

## TALK OF GOOD-BY

David Axelrod

"And you, my friend, a year with me
And how much do I really know about you?
We sit, staring across a table —
Eyes that do not meet, minds that
Do not formulate coherent thought.
Did I once say, 'Communicate'?
Now the hands sprawl indiscriminately across the table;
Try to touch the meaning of it all.

. . . If we should part? A *year* you know —
Too much too soon . . . come back
Later, when we two have grown.
It might let the eyes see, the minds amalgamate.
At least we would have things to say.
Now slumped forms with sighing spines;
Could we not stand straight in a meadow,
Side by side, and begin again?
Time will tell . . ."

"Time will tell what? Funny stories I imagine.
Time has never told me anything;
And that is not being clever. I am leaving.
Don't reach out to touch me. You can't.
I haven't been here for weeks.
You go your invisible way, and I mine.
My clumsy images are expended and I
Crave to find new forms."

## DREAMS TO INTERPRET

David Axelrod

Come to the doorway with me.
This is my dream. Do as I say.
It is almost dawn.
You have washed me.
I am walking into a sunrise
and you watch my naked form
silhouette on a pink horizon.
The compulsion fulfilled,
you enter the hollow room.
I am a silhouette,
washed, pink and black,
alone at dawn.

## LOVERS APART

David Axelrod

Keeping faith, we two lived hollow days
and lonely nights. The dream some comfort
to our plight; but always the question,
"Is it worth the wait?" Keeping faith
we grew apart, and then grew close again,
all through our fleeting correspondence.
And the dream became the God—
and the keeping of the Faith was our salvation.

## MAN OUT OF LOVE: One

David Axelrod

She goes from my heart with an orchid cry
screaming sorrow under mercury light—
the ghost-pale tint of artificial light
bleaching the love from my body.

The street signs are there, on every corner.
It is as it should be.
The patrolman halts beneath the bleach-white light,
eyes my orchid cry; and I sink back
into the childhood fear of my heart;
walk quickly past him.

And save for the mercury light poured down
the street,
save for the bleached policeman,
and a sign on a corner,
I am alone.

The cry oozes from my body
to a trail of remembrance for another day
of walking
and the white-light, cop-streaked, night is ended
with another rising sun, as I still walk
the streets, alone.

# RUFUS AND HIS STEPDAUGHTER

M. Kelly Lombardi

The snow had a thick crust, and it crunched under my thick leather boots as I made my way to the kennels with Old Red's food. I unlatched the gate and rubbed with my knuckles at the dog. "Here, Red, c'mon boy, that's the good boy, eat up. I know you don't like being kenneled, but the season opens tomorrow, and I don't want you on the trail. Last year, we lost Kelly; fool dog got on the scent and ran 'til he died." My hand was small on the dog's head, small and chapped and rough.

The cold cut through my heavy mackinaw, and my teeth were aching from the chill. I was scared; tomorrow was my first hunt, and if I didn't do well, my stepfather Rufus would whup me good. I stood ruffling the dog's ears in the cold thinking about it and wondering if I'd get buck fever. Old Red whined and licked my hand. Suddenly, his ears flattened to his head, and he crouched down and looked toward the house, hearing the sounds that said Rufus, my stepfather, was about to start his day.

I looked toward the cafe that was part of the house that I'd lived in the last four years with my mother and stepfather. Over the cafe door the sign was silhouetted against the black mountains behind it, giving off in a cold, yellow, sickly glow — "Hardtown Cafe", and in smaller letters that I couldn't see but that I knew were there "Hunters Welcome". In my mind's wary eye, I was tracing Rufus's steps, legs thrown over the bunk, scratching the grizzly greyhairs under the dirty sweatshirt, hawking and spitting and clearing his throat. Still scratching, he'd be walking to the fireplace to pull on his boots, checking to make sure I'd rubbed them down well with goose grease so the leather wouldn't stiffen in the cold. Now he'd be stomping heavily through the kitchen to make sure he woke up my mother, stomping over to the black stove where he'd find the coffee I had made before I went about feeding the dog. A cup of the bitter black coffee would be washed down with a glassful of whiskey, drunk so noisily and sloppily that he'd have the traces all running in rivulets down his three-day old beard. The dog and I turned together as he came to the door of the cafe, looking out in the direction of the kennels. "What the hell's takin' you so long?"

he snarled. "You pettin' that dog? I told you. You just feed him and let him be. I don't want no nonsense with my dog; you ruin things pettin' them. Make 'em soft and useless." He lit his cigarette and spit on the ground. "Like that one upstairs, soft and useless. Man ruin a woman like that oughta be shot."

"You shut your dirty mouth talking like that against my ma and my dad. He was good to her; he knew she was frail. He took good care of her, and me, too. Not like you!" I paused for breath, hating the fear that made my voice high and my throat keep swallowing. "You kept your meanness well hidden, with your fast talk about your business in the mountains and 'the good healthy atmosphere to raise a child in'!" I drawled the last words in a mimicry of his mountain tone. "Ayah, the good healthy, country atmosphere."

"Ya hear, ya keep your tongue offen me this morning, or I'll slap the sass outa ya." He raised his hand in a backhand gesture.

"You lay a hand on me and you'll cook the breakfast for them hunters yourself. I'll go to Aunt Sue's and leave you with all the work." I knew when to hush up and go about my business. I latched the gate to Old Red's kennel and circled my stepfather, keeping out of arm's reach, into the cafe to start getting the breakfast food ready.

The work was routine to me now after four years; it never varied. Come four o'clock, I'd get up and put on the coffee, feed the dog, and start the big urn going. Mix the wheatcake batter, empty the eggs out of the cartons into the bowls, close to the grill, and get the sidemeats cooking slow on the side of the grill. Rufus served the biggest, hardiest breakfasts in town to the hunters and sportsmen who came to our cafe, but then, why not? He had no labor costs; between Ma and me, we did all the work. When Ma was feeling 'well', that is.

The first customer that Sunday morning was Tillie, up for the turkey shoot, that was held every weekend in Sy Perry's field. He settled himself at the rough table, "Wheatcakes and eggs, sidemeats double order, and gimme a cup of coffee now, will ya?"

Rufus poured himself a cup and took it to the table where I had put Tillie's coffee down, in front of him. "You up for the shoot?"

"Yeah." Tillie drank his coffee, spilling a good part of it out of his mouth. "Goddamn kid, musta boiled it twice to get it this hot." He looked across the table at Rufus. "That girl of yours

goin' to come home with a turkey this weekend, Rufus?"

"She always does, doesn't she? Can't take that away from her. Crack shot, she is. Outshoot any boy in the county. Not my kid though," he sniffed, as if to say, can't you tell. "The redhead's kid, my wife's kid. Mary's my wife's daughter. Nope, that one's no kin of mine."

Standing at the grill watching the sizzling sidemeat and flipping the wheatcakes, I could feel my cheeks flush up. I muttered under my breath.

"Speak up, you sullen brat . . . don't mutter."

"You go to hell; I'm glad I'm no kin to you." I turned and faced him defiantly. "You hear me now?"

"I'll smack your face, you little bitch." Rufus raised his hand.

"You touch me, you mean bastard, and I'll pour the hot grease on you." I picked up the pan of grease and held it out in front of me. "I'll burn you good if you don't stop picking on me and my mother. Some day, I'll fix you good. I won't always be a kid." I could feel the tears running down my face, hot, angry, burning tears.

Rufus's mood changed as soon as he saw the pot of grease. "She's spunky, though, for a girl. I gotta chase her to lace her and last week she took off after me with a two-by-four when I gave her a smack." His rotten teeth grimaced in a smile. "She can outshoot any boy in the county, though. I haven't boughten turkey in a month." He looked over at Tillie. "I'm takin' her over to Monterey tomorrow. Bet she'll get a deer."

Tillie was shoveling the cakes in his mouth; the syrup and butter glistening in little trails down his chin. Gulping his coffee noisily, he slurped it onto the front of his red and black hunting jacket. "Hey, kid. If you catch a deer on the hunt with us, I know a guy, he'll give you forty dollars for it." He stopped to burp and wipe his mouth on his sleeve. "He'll give you forty dollars and I'll bet you can bring one down; you're big. No one'll know you're underage. How old are you, anyway, kid?" His eyes looked me up and down, stopping and lingering at the front of my blouse. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hands, he said, "Christ, you're most grown." He smiled and wheedled, "Tell you what, kid, you get the deer and I'll take you to the deer hunter's ball at the town hall. And, forty bucks will buy an awful lot of pretties in the catalog."

My mind raced ahead of him. All the kids in the high school

had those brown and white shoes with the plaid ties. I could get Ma a new bathrobe, something warm and soft to wrap herself in when she got up in the morning. I'll go on the hunt but I'm not goin' to no dance with you. You stink, and you're dirty, like him." I nodded my head toward my stepfather.

"Maybe I could teach you some manners with my belt. I don't stink. I ain't dirty." He started to unbuckle his belt.

"You touch me, you better not go in the woods with me tomorrow morning. Your ass is a darn sight bigger than the turkey target."

My mother's voice came tiredly from the kitchen. "That's no way for a lady to talk, Mary. They're just plaguin' you. Pay them no mind."

"Yes, Ma."

I finished wiping the grill and went into the kitchen to talk to Ma. "Ma, they want me to go along with them tomorrow, on the hunt. Tillie says there's a guy that'll pay him forty dollars for a deer. Shall I go, Ma? Do you think I can shoot a deer?"

Along about this time of morning, having coffee, Ma sat by the stove. Her pretty red hair was always combed flat, in tight little waves, and her face was soap shiny. The ends of her faded pink chenille housecoat fell into two points to the floor, almost, but not quite, hiding the bottle that sat next to the chair. She looked up at me from her private world. "You think you could kill something living, Mary? You can go, baby, but I don't think you'll shoot a deer. It takes a lot to pull the trigger on something that lives and breathes. They don't hurt anyone; they just run free."

I picked the bottle up, "It's a little early for this. Huh, Ma? Why don't you let me finish up the wheatcake batter on you? I'll fix you a nice plate and bring it to you. What do you say, Ma? Can I get you something?"

She looked up startled, "Where you goin' with the bottle? Leave it here."

"I was just going to put it on the shelf until I made you some breakfast, Ma. That's all."

"I don't want anything to eat now. Thanks, baby. You go to Aunt Sue's house and study for awhile. Can't get no studying done here." She nodded her head in the direction of the bar. He'll find something for you to do, if you're around."

"Ma, did you see the little plant on the dresser? I raised it to

bloom from one of Aunt Sue's bulbs. I thought it would please you to see the flower grow. I put it where I thought you'd see it when you woke up. I been keeping it warm by the back of the stove, to bring it to flower."

"I saw it, baby. It's pretty, but you know it'll die. Nothing soft and pretty survives in this country."

"Oh, I don't know, Ma. Maybe it will live." I touched her hair. "If we kind of look out for it and protect it from the winter."

"It was a real nice thought, baby. Now you better scoot."

"Call me, Ma, if he gets to acting up." I took my heavy jacket down from the nail. "Another year, Ma, and I'll be out of school, and we'll get away from him. I'll get a job and take care of us. Mind now, Ma, you call me at Sue's if he gets ornery. I'll come right home." I bent to kiss her, "Your hair's so pretty, Ma." I touched the waves, feeling the crispness under my fingers. "Wish I'd gotten your color hair, Ma. Yours is so pretty and curly and mine is so dark and straight."

"Your father's coloring, baby."

"I know, Ma. I know. Bye." I went out the back door to avoid having to go by Tillie and Rufus.

As I neared the door, my mother's voice following me, "Mary, about the hunt, baby. It's your choice. I know you've been wanting them fancy shoes. Lord knows, you don't find some way of getting them yourself, you won't have them. I just don't understand, baby, how all this could have happened. Well, anyway, do what you think is best. Your stepfather won't give me any money for them and I don't want to fight with him, You know how ugly he can get."

"I know, Ma."

I cut across the orchard to Aunt Sue's place. The orchard was the fence that separated their place from ours. In the winter, after first snow, the deer would come to the orchard to eat the frozen drops and the few shrunken stunts left hanging from the branches.

In the very early morning, before the sun broke, I would lie sideways across the bed and watch them. With the hem of my flannel nightgown, I would rub at the ice on the window until I could clear a little spot of brightness against the dull, grey, streaked ice. The orchard at early dawn looked like a silver and grey stage, with the darkness of the trees shrouded in the mists. The big buck would pick his way cautiously across the field, stopping and sniffing the air.

Raising one hoof, and with the antlers spreading across his head like a crown, he would pause until he was satisfied that no human was close by, they he would put his hoof down and walk slowly across the field, giving the rest of the herd some silent command to approach. Slowly, timidly, gracefully, the young does would appear; sometimes with awkward little spotted fawns at their sides. Often they would cavort playfully, the does tossing apples to the bucks with a twist of their graceful necks, the bucks responding by digging their hooves into the ground and lowering their heads, rubbing their antlers against the trees to sharpen them. The fawns would play close by, pirouetting to some rhythmic music that only they could hear. Once, I raised the window to get a better look at the herd, and they bounded away, leaping in graceful half arcs, and waving their white tails behind them like the frou frou on a ballerina's skirt. I liked the herd; I wondered if I could shoot one of them.

Rufus called me at four-thirty. "Get up, wear heavy socks and gloves. Got no money to pay for frostbite." I could hear him getting the guns down from over the fireplace. "Hurry up. Make me some food. Stop pokin'."

I tucked the rough black and red shirt into my levis, pulled the long red stockings up, and put on my boots. The boots were slicky from the goose grease I'd rubbed into them last night to keep the wet from soaking in. I could feel the sick, scared feeling in my stomach. I'd handled guns and I'd target and skeet shot since I was eight, but I'd never shot at anything living, and I knew I'd catch it if I shamed Rufus out in front of the city hunters. "I'm coming. I've got to lace my boots."

We drove in the dark to Monterey Mountain. The hunters were clustered around in the semi-darkness in little clumps, smoking and drinking coffee and talking about the deer they shot, or almost shot, last year.

Rufus came over to where I was standing close to the car. "You know where the old orchard is? The one with the stone wall?"

"Yes. An hour and a half in; good walking." I nodded, afraid to add more for fear I'd lose my breakfast.

"All right. I'll circle around to the top of the ridge where the pine grove is the thickest, and chase them down. You post on lower ridge, in the pines by the orchard. Remember, don't shoot it if you can't get a clean shot. If you can't see it, let it go. I don't intend

trackin' these mountains for it; guy could get lost in them and never be found. And there ain't no sense letting the others getting my deer." He took a long pull from the bottle of whiskey. "Have a snort, kid." He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "It'll keep you warm."

I shook my head and checked my gun to make sure the safety was on and walked away, heading for the orchard. In the distance, the sun was streaking silver light across the sky, and I could hear the sounds and shots and far away shouts. I walked steady for almost two hours, hard bent on getting to the orchard and trying not to think about the herd that danced in the orchard where I lived. This is different, I kept saying, this is different. It's the killing season; they're not protected now. We're allowed to shoot them one week a year so they don't overpopulate and take away the things the livestock need. It's a natural law or something, like wars coming along to keep people from overpopulating. I know the deer don't come hunting me, but this is different. Besides, I want the forty dollars.

I picked out a clump of pines on the lower ridge of the pines, near the orchard, to wait in. The pines were so thick that the snow hadn't penetrated into them, and I could see all of the orchard from there. I sat quietly, gun cradled, eyes on the crest of the ridge where the deer would come through. My eyes had wandered when I first saw the fawn come dancing through the orchard in panicky flight, as if he didn't know where to go, where to hide. He came right for the pine grove and then stopped, poised and stiff, looking toward it. I rose up slowly and silently so I wouldn't startle him into flight. The gun was raised to position and braced against my shoulder, easy, slow and easy. Real slow now, I got him in my sights. The little crossed lines met rightover his left eye. The shot would be good. The kill would be clean.

I moved my hand up to the safety, released it and let my hand slide down and my finger tighten on the trigger. The fawn was frozen into statue stillness. Through the sight I could see his gentle looking brown eyes and his soft black velvety nose quivering with fear. He broke his stillness and looked toward the ridge. Rufus must be close . . . I let out my breath slowly and lowered the gun, clicking the safety back on. I stepped out of the pines breaking a branch with a loud snap as I did so. "Go, you fool deer; I can't shoot you, not for forty dollars. Not for a hundred times forty dol-

lars. You're my deer, though; I had you in my sights but I let you go. We're not all like Rufus. Go before he comes." The fawn, frightened into flight, bounded across the orchard with his tail flying.

Within minutes Rufus came down from the ridge. "Did you see him? A young one, about ninety pounds." Panting, he paused and his eyes picked up the trail. "He came right by you. He was headin' for you. You lousy kid. You chicken shit kid. You got buck fever. I'll kill you. After I spent the morning chasing him." He put his gun down on a clump and came toward me.

"Stop right there, Rufus!" I'd raised the gun and I released the safety with a loud click. "He cut right by me, all right, but I'd forgotten to release the safety." We stared at each other over the gun barrel for a long minute. "But, it's released now."

"You wouldn't dare. I don't believe you. You know guns too well not to release the safety." He took a step closer. "If you couldn't shoot a deer, you couldn't shoot a man."

"Stay back, Rufus. I like the deer; you, I don't like. It wouldn't be hard to shoot you. Be easy, Rufus." Rufus looked at the gun barrel that was perfectly steady in my hands. "One more step and I'll let go. I'll get you right in the gut. It won't be a clean kill. They tell me it takes longer that way." I stared him down. I could almost smell the fear in him. "You turn around and you head back over the ridge, or I'll kill you." My voice was as calm as my hands were steady. "March! Leave your gun where it is. I'll empty the chamber and bring it back to the car."

His face was distorted in fear as he stared at me. Slowly his jaw dropped and his mouth hung slack. His voice was hoarse. "You would. You really would." He turned and started back toward the ridge.

I watched him go, slowly, stiffly, broken; stumbling every few steps as he'd turn to look at me. He paused at the clump where he'd lain his gun and looked back at me and then at the gun, and went on. "Rufus." The fear in his face was making him look old and weak. "You understand."

He nodded slowly and walked up the hill to the ridge. I watched him growing smaller and smaller until he was completely out of sight. And then I turned and laid my gun down and heaved up my breakfast.

# ART FEATURES

## Margaret Chen

Margaret Chen (Chen Ming-hsiang) is currently a graduate student in art at the University of Massachusetts. She attended Normal School in Taiwan and there taught Chinese painting for two years.

We of the editorial board are very pleased to feature five of her Chinese landscapes, which follow a traditional pattern of Chinese art.

## Jody Norton

Jody Norton is a junior English major at the University. His I-poems are made with cut-out words and pictures arranged two-dimensionally. The imagery functions much like the imagery in a literary poem; the effect can be studied as a whole or in detail.

"Chinese Painting" *by Margaret Chen*

"Chinese Painting" *by Margaret Chen*

"Chinese Painting" *by Margaret Chen*

"Chinese Painting" *by Margaret Chen*

"Chinese Painting" *by Margaret Chen*

L'APOCALYPSE
Imagine you...
RAGE
HOT SEAT
Baby
Relax
Signal
WARNING
YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER
pardon
GOING STEADY
SEX
Signal
US
VODKA
LEGAL POISON
TOTAL PAIN
colors on the naked side
NO
Trick

PICASSO
TOUGHEST MARINE
Babys
Big
Big
REBELLION
MEANS
ANYTHING GOES
KILLER EXPORT
DOSTOIEVSKI
MILLIONS
Pepsi Cola
MONEY MAKING
RAT
mom,
what'll i do now?
LA MORT POUR MONSIEUR BILL
Die odorless
Chinese
Hollywood
GET REAL ACTION
Look closely you may have met some of these outstanding people

"I-Poem #1" *by Jody Norton*

# BEACH SCENE

## Norm Trump

My stomach gurgled as the beer tried to wrestle its way out of my bladder. I sat up from the blanket and looked at the ocean — a more convenient outhouse than the one in the cabin behind me. I could almost see the waves curling yellow from the piss of sots and little kids. It must take the ocean a long time to recover from a Labor Day weekend.

I looked to my left and saw hank lying spread-eagled in the sand. His mouth was hanging open and he looked more doltish than usual. Pat was lying at a right angle to him, her head on his stomach. The rest of the group was in a semi-circle around me, some sleeping and others talking, laughing and drinking. Hank's guitar was in the sand next to the blaring radio. I felt like crawling over and cutting the strings on it.

I looked back at Pat. She had undone her ponytail and her black hair hung straight and sand-matted against her head and shoulders. Her lipstick was gone, but she looked even prettier without it — except for her mouth, which was also hanging open. Beer cans were strewn all around. One of the freezer chests was open, the sun beating into it. It was Pat's. She had probably forgotten to put the lid on and I wasn't about to do anything for her.

The pinching of the jockstrap under my bathing suit became intolerable. I reached between my legs to adjust it. I just had to go to the bathroom. The hot sand stung my feet like crabs from hell when I stood up, and I finally had to sprint to the water. I was pissing even before I dove into the oncoming breaker. I swam around a bit then and looked back at the beach. The gray cabin stood there on its stilts, the only one for several hundred yards either way. The Corsairs, they called themselves, and that was their club. A club of unmarried, divorced and ringless married people.

The water was cold. I swam to shore and went back to my blanket to get my beach jacket and cigarettes. Hank was playing his guitar again, a fresh can of beer next to him. Pat wasn't around, which was all right, since I didn't want to see her just them. June was off to the side laughing with Fred. She had three kids and let it slip more than once that she was in the market for a new husband. Fred wasn't buying that though, having his mind on other things.

I headed down the long, curving beach. There were no houses and fewer people where I was walking. I lit a cigarette and walked slowly along the water's edge.

I had first met Pat the weekend before, through a friend. She had looked like a worldly teen-ager with her ponytail and well-padded body. She talked well, smiled nicely and seemed to like me. Almost immediately she changed me into a walking gonad and I began slyly flattering her. Clever witticisms popped into my mind and I patted myself on the back for uttering double entendres that were devilishly suggestive. When I left that weekend she invited me (or did I invite myself?) down for the upcoming Labor Day weekend. And when I arrived, I immediately picked up where I had left off. How could she resist me? To my mind all the men in the club, about forty of them, either had pot-bellies, falling hair or, at the very least, nowhere near my finesse or virility.

I stopped walking and sat in the sand near the water. It was cooler there. A couple was making out in the dunes behind me and I thought of Saturday night. We had all gone to a dance at a hotel near the beach that night. Afterwards, I had planned to sleep on the beach in my sleeping bag. But we drank quite a bit there and since Pat had rented a double-room motel cabin with three other women, I suggested that I sleep there on the floor. There was no disagreement from Pat. The drinks helped stimulate the fleshy delights I was already envisioning. I had left my car in the parking lot at the beach, so when we left the dance, Pat, two of the women and myself went in her car. The fourth woman went with George, another member of the club. I remember how it was when we got to the cabin.

"This is a nice place," I said. "Which room should I sleep in?"

"Doesn't matter," said Pat.

Everyone was in the last stages of drunkenness. "To hell with the sleeping bag," I thought. There were two beds in one room and one in the other. Frank went into the room with the single bed

and started getting undressed. Betsey, the woman he had taken back, followed him in and they shut the door.

"How sweet," I thought. "The other two women go to sleep fast and I've got Pat all to myself."

One by one the women went into the bathroom to put on pajamas. I just stripped to my drawers and crawled into the bed nearest the window. Such a big bed, too. One of the two other women came out and climbed into the bed next to mine. One down. Pat went in and came out in a nightie that extended halfway down her thighs. She had her bra and panties on under it.

She came between the two beds and said, "Move over."

I thought she was talking to the other woman.

"Damn it," I thought, "all three of them are going to sleep in the same bed."

But no, she was talking to me and I gave her room to get in. I just lay there looking up at the ceiling thinking, "Christ Almighty, hot dog, no sweat." The third woman came out of the bathroom and climbed into the other bed without even giving us a second glance. She turned the light out.

"She must be waiting for me to put my arm around her," I thought.

Now that the moment had come, I was a little nervous. I waited a few minutes, thinking how I should go about it. The liquor in me seemed to have faded away. I turned to her and saw her face, a shadowy outline in the moonlight entering through a slit in the blinds. She was looking at the ceiling. She turned her body toward me and I saw that her eyes were closed. Then I heard it — snoring. She was snoring! Her mouth hung open and she was breathing deeply and regularly. I noticed that her eye makeup was smeared and a thin stream of saliva trickled out the side of her mouth. A fellow can stand only so much. I turned my back to her and fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning, she was already out of bed.

I stood up and continued walking along the beach. Looking back on that night, it seemed almost funny. I knew that in another couple of weeks it would seem hilarious. Very funny — almost. I found out the next day that Pat was a divorcee and had a kid at boarding school. I felt sorry for her then, and a damper seemed to be pressed on my spirits. The drinking started early on Sunday. New packs of beer were bought and the blankets were spread on the

sand. One of the men, Mort, started to fly his kites again. He flew them from the porch on the front of the cabin and, as one got high enough, he tied it to the railing and sent another one up. Soon the air was filled with triangular kites, box kites and air-filled kites. Mort hustled the women in the club on the side, but flew kites until he became drunk enough. He had a beer belly and was generally acknowledged to be both the club pest and comic. I stretched out on my blanket and Pat lay next to me. I began to talk to her again, the same as I had been doing.

"I like your hair when it's in a ponytail," I said. "You've got a pretty face and that sort of goes with it."

"Pretty faces are a dime a dozen," she said.

"I know that, but with you it's different. I don't know . . . you've got the personality to go with it. You're full of pep and nice to be with."

She hardly ever answered me when I talked like this. At school I was used to girls who took such things to heart and reveled in it. Pat smiled and I knew she didn't mind being flattered, but she seemed somehow hardened to that kind of banter. She was eight years older than I and must have known I didn't really feel what I was saying. Even I knew it was done practically by rote, merely altered a bit to fit the situation. But then, as far as I was concerned a divorcee was fair game.

And then Hank came. I said before that he was doltish. Actually, he looked much as he must have in college, albeit about fifteen years more shopworn. He ambled down the beach, his guitar case in one hand and a cooler in the other. He had short blond hair and well-defined features just beginning to turn a little flabby at the jowls. He didn't belong to the club, but knew one of the members. He was a cool one: dirty jokes and dirty songs galore. Everyone gathered around him and the spirits of the group rose even higher. Almost before I knew it, he took Pat away from me. Oh, I could think up a host of reasons for that: He had his own business, money and a new car; he lived in the same city as Pat. Most of all, he was sharper than I. No flattering words for her, just off-color jokes and comments.

I stood by the beach, looking in the distance at a tug towing a long oil tanker. I watched the thin ribbon of smoke rise from the tug and thought of another incident the day before.

"Where's everyone going?" I had asked. I had been dozing on

my blanket and woke up to notice everyone heading for the cabin.

"There's drinks at the cabin," someone said. "C'mon and get some."

Pat was nowhere around. I thought she might be with Hank. I straggled at the end of the group and noticed that almost everyone was already crowded on the cabin's balcony. They were serving Bloody Jesuses from a big aluminum vat. I had my cup filled several times, until I felt my lips grow numb. I began looking for Pat in the crowd, but couldn't find her. I finally saw her, standing on the beach by my blanket. She was alone. I got another drink for myself and one for her and went down to her.

"Hi, Pat, I brought a drink for . . . oh, you've already got one."

"Mmmm-mmmm," was the only answer I received. She looked as though she was ready to faint. When I offered the drink I had for her though, she drank it in two swallows.

"Do you feel sick?" I asked her.

"No," she answered, "I just want to rest a little."

"Here. Lie on my blanket," I offered. "I'll get you something for a pillow."

I bundled my sweatshirt and long beach robe together and put them at the head of the blanket for a pillow. She lay stomach-down on the blanket, with her face buried in my sweatshirt. On the balcony of the cabin, the others drank, oblivious to us. I lay down next to Pat. I felt sympathy for her — pity, actually. I wanted to make love to her. She seemed so alone next to me. I moved closer to her and put my hand on her neck. I kneaded the skin on the back of her neck in a slow, rhythmic motion. Whenever my fingers closed upon themselves, her thighs would move spasmodically together. I wondered if her husband had lain next to her and done what I was doing. Lying there, the brown skin of her shoulders next to my cheek, I watched her legs tremble as though she were on the brink of opening completely. And I wondered what was wrong. It had been the same the night before. I realized after a few minutes what it was — at no time with her, or thinking of her, had I had an erection. It was as though I went through the motions of courting and making love, but remained unaffected by it.

The sound of Hank's guitar hung tinnily in the air. I drew a blanket over Pat and myself and shut the sounds from my mind. Then I felt her shoulders shake. I thought she was crying and I put my arm around her waist to try to comfort her. I whispered

things in her ear, but stopped . . . suddenly. She wasn't crying. She had boasted about how she could hold her liquor and now everything was coming up on my sweatshirt. Perhaps I should have been disgusted. As it was, I felt even more sympathy for her and tried to protect her from what I consider the enemies on the balcony by covering her back with my chest. She fell asleep with her head on the sweatshirt. My head was light from the drinks and I fell asleep also.

When I woke up, Hank and the crowd were around me, laughing and singing. Pat awoke also and automatically reached for the beer Hank offered her. I looked at my sweatshirt and at the side of her face and had the sudden urge to take a swim. I ran to the water, leaving her there drinking and singing as though nothing had happened.

I remembered, as I stood looking at the receding tanker, how I had brought my sleeping bag to the beach in front of the cabin to sleep for the night. I was looking at the black, starlit sky feeling sorry for Pat and myself. Pat and Hank came from the cabin and walked down the beach. He had his sleeping bag with him and they were talking together, she laughing sometimes and holding onto his arm. I didn't sleep much that night, thinking about him with her.

Now I started to walk back to the group. I had come a long way up the beach and the cabin was merely a dot in the bright sun. I began running, zig-zagging at times to splash through the waves as they died on the wet, hard-packed slope they had formed.

When I arrived at the cabin and the group, they were practically in the same positions as I had left them. The kites still flew in the sky, ut Mort was trying to make time with a woman I hadn't noticed before. I bundled my things together and slipped my pants on over my swimsuit.

"Where you going?" asked Pat.

"Somewhere where I can breathe," I answered, trying to make a dramatic exit.

"Well don't choke," she said, and Hank smiled at her and then at me.

I walked toward the parking lot and heard the guitar start strumming again.

## GIRL WALKING

David Haracz

girl walking through the crowd
        city street
        weekend
looking for someone
        face among the faceless
        to end the mental sleep
pliant as a river reed
        crowds sway side to side
        man-tide at full flow
she passes on, is gone
        all tides ebb to oblivion
        in the city cavern sprawl

## (Untitled)

David Haracz

Day ends in rusty frailty
Across the to-be-winter sky:
A time when words would mock
Hours dying past the mourning hills.

# THE PLEASURE OF SMALL COMPANY

Martha Wiggins

A little man sits listening to the
Ticking of his own vivacity.
He cannot breathe, but hear.
He cannot move, but feel.
He cannot sight, but see, nor
Move his tongue, but taste.
There is a moment when he cannot live,
But be the coldness of his hands.

He is of course alone.
Not for long may he sit so
For man is not allowed to live
Created without company.
Another comes, and she, by chance, is she.

Two little people in a two-by-four foot room
Sit listening to the ticking of
Their own vivacity.
One breathes; the other feels a
Catch of air in his own lungs.
One moves; the other feels a
Touch of wood behind her knee.
One sees; the other seeing sees the other.
One moves his tongue; the other
Feels the taste of his thin lips.

Now the guests come in by hordes
From an unknown out-of-doors
Coming, crowding, more and more - - -

At last they fill the giant ballroom.
Mingling, they, mixing, blending.
Each alive with all the others.
When one breathes, all breasts rise.
When one moves, all nerves feel.
When one sees, all have matching visions.
When one bites, a salty taste
Goes through all working mouths.

In the middle, all alone,
A little man with plugged-up ears
Sits listening for the heartbeat sound
Of his own veracity.
All being is the coldness in his nose.

## (Untitled)

Gerald Greenblatt

I have mastered the lotus seat, father
But I cannot make my head empty
As the porcelain jug, blank as
The rice-paper screen.
Somewhere within the gilded linnet's cage
Which is my skull
Remains hovering the definition
Of a peninsula and the tender notes
Of a childhood lute song which I cannot lose.
Alas, Satori will never be for me.

## (Untitled)

Norman Trump

Those were the sun days.
They are the days
I no longer think of,
but cross streets
and look both ways,
and make one breath
remember to follow the last
in neat succession.

## (Untitled)

Norman Trump

Our august dusk
of purple-shaded depths
like a mourning tourmaline,
is the end of a long way
where we met many things
and noticed none.

# THREE PARABLES

Joe Krausman

## I

I was standing in front of the monkey's cage eating a banana. The monkey did not seem to care about me. You know, I am not just an ordinary man. I am Mr. Shidzts. I happen to be a member of the town Board of Selectmen. I also am a past master of the Loyal Knights. I am one of the three men in the whole community entitled to wear the Black Apron.

The monkey obviously did not recognize at whom he was looking. I tried to get the monkey's attention. I climbed a tree and hung down from a branch with one hand. I made the sound, "Chee, Chee," but the monkey did not look up.

It is difficult to entertain the lesser creatures. I saw a broom used by the zoo-cleaner. I took the broom and balanced it on my nose. It was simply hilarious, but the monkey still paid me no attention. How tragic. We taxpayers give a lot of money for zoos and other forms of diversion. Yet the monkeys do not care about us. What chance would they have in the jungle? Here they get food and protection; and yet they will not play.

I put both index fingers in my mouth and pulled my lips as wide apart as possible. I stuck out my tongue all the way. But for all I was doing, I could not get a response.

Who do these monkeys think they are, anyway? I walked on my hands, and stood on my head, but the monkey did nothing.

I was tempted to write a letter to the zoo authorities and tell them to send the monkey back to the jungle. But zoo-keepers are just a bunch of fools. I know that they would not listen. I thumbed my nose at the monkey and walked away in disgust. The monkey said nothing. He just sat in the cage, in an indifferent way, reading the *New York Times.*

## II

The world's greatest saint was visited by the world's greatest schnorer.

The schnorer asked for the saint's room. The saint gave it.

The schnorer borrowed the saint's car and the saint's clothes.

"I need a woman," said the schnorer. "Lend me your wife."

The saint could not refuse. The schnorer took more and more.

The saint had less and less.

At the dinner table the schnorer ate all the food. The schnorer became fat and the saint became thin.

When the schnorer took everything from the saint but his body, he said, "Give me your body." The saint could not refuse, for if he should, he would be no saint. The schnorer dived into the saint's body. They became one. And the schnorer consumed the inmost part of the saint. When nothing was left of the saint, the schnorer consumed all the possessions of the saint. He devoured the saint's wife, children, house, and everything in sight.

When there was nothing left, he devoured himself.

And all came to nothing.

I guess a man should follow the mean. Extreme saints are as bad as extreme schnorers.

For it is written:

> If I am not for myself, who will be for me;
> and if I am only for myself, what am I?

## III

Beads of sweat poured from his temples. His palms were wet; his heart pounded. He would be next. Last night he dreamed that all his teeth fell out. The pain of his toothache was excruciating. In the waiting room, he could hear the ZZZZZZ . . . of the drill.

"Next!" called the dentist.

The patient turned white. He walked over to the dentist's chair, sat down, and grasped the handles of the chair with all his might.

"Why are you so frightened?" asked the dentist.

"I dread the pain that is coming," said the patient.

"But, if I don't drill," said the dentist, "your tooth will get worse. The cavity will get larger. Then the infection and poison may spread through your whole body. Why, you could even die. A little drilling doesn't hurt too much. You must bear a present pain for a greater future pleasure."

The patient resigned himself to the will of the dentist. He would bear an intense pain for a future reward.

The patient opened his mouth wide until his jaws locked open. He let go of the dentist's chair, and spread his arms out. The dentist jammed his knee into the patient's belly. He turned on the super-highspeed-drill. With all his might he forced the drill into the patient's tooth. The dentist's drill had such power that the patient thought all the pains of the world were upon him.

The drilling left a tremendous cavern in the patient's mouth. The dentist could not find the usual gold for the filling; so he filled the cavity with gall and wormwood.

And on the patient's head, he placed a crown of thorns.

# IMPRESSION

L. F. O'Brien

And then the rain
drew silence from
her lips,
    pale in the
window's reflection,
her eyes mirrored over
a shoreless sea, and
rising, even as the
gulls rise,
confused in the
wind, till their sight
is not of mine,
nor mine of theirs.

And so they moved
about her,
like glass ships from
the shadows,
coming always with the
warm arms of small children,
    to spread the petals
 of her mind,
as dry winds over
a trespassed beach.

## FOUNTAIN IMPRESSION

L. F. O'Brien

"When we wake,
the day will
shatter us."
and the whispers gathered
in the dark corners,
of the empty room;
red leaves playing shadows
on the floor . . .

"When we wake . . ."
and the fountain rose
shedding the black coat
of heavy dreams;
three faces smiling
in a tarnished mirror . . .

"When we wake . . ."
and their song,
feel to dust,
in the drains;

blue curtains swimming
over the moon's face.

# A TIME OF WELCOME GREY

Roland Laramee

The wind rushes in deserted streets
Sounding the names of long-gone Autumns
Telling the stones and absent shadows
A time of welcome grey is here again.

Yesterday the sun poured honey on the fields.
A mist pastelled the leaves etched clean
Upon the backs of the sun-burned hills.
Today's grey: a soft pacing of the season's decline.

Now memories are heady as the summer air
Weighted with the smell of crackling leaves.
Like the last of a legend with golden heroes
Sweet is the ache of the year at its full.

Come, time of mawkish glee. Bring death
To the tread of nameless days and faces.
Listen: I'll make the organ-groan myself
To usher in the housewives we've become

To the soap-opera of a dying season.

## TREE AGAINST THE DARK

Roland Laramee

The stark
Spine
Of Autumn's
Dishevelled sentinel
Stands helpless
Against the dark.

Dusk's livid russet
Silhouettes
The static tangle
Of ashen filigree
Fading into violet.

And living bone demurs
While night performs.

## SPRING

Carl M. Sharpe

The baseball diamond wind of a young boy's spring
Is the old man's gripe:
Games, dogs, mischief, love.
To business!
Yet, as he fumble papers
He is the restless kid next door —
A damn good pitcher —
Stuck in bed with the flu.

## WINTER

Carl M. Sharpe

Winter starts His work behind an autumn bush
And spreads through quiet corners of the yard.
A squirrel scrapes the brittle cold beneath a branch
On which a bird prepares his wings.
No other sounds.
In the middle of the yard
The grass
The tree
The summer garden
Do not perceive Him,
Until He softly circles to their sides
And humbly asks their silent concession.
Winter does not conquer:
A weary, waiting earth accepts.

## (Untitled)

James Greene, Jr.

Wer schweift allein auf dem Strand,
Über höhe Dünen, bei der unsterblichen See?
Hat er, mit der Sorge, en dunkles Pfand?
Geheime Laune: Schwarzer Schnee.

Zwischen den groszen, endlosen Wogen,
im Sinn wie im Meer,
Ach, die groszen Senkungen folgen;
tief, schweigsam und leer.

Er schlägt seinen Hut auf den Sand
und schreibt seinen Namen dabei . . .
Jetzt, kein Mensch auf dem Strand
Nur, ein Möveschrei.

*(Editor's Translation)*

Who rambles alone on the beach, over high dunes, by the immortal sea? Does he have a dark pledge with sorrow? Secret mood: black snow.

Between the great, endless waves, in the mind as in the ocean, O' the great depression follow; deep, silent and empty.

He throws his hat on the sand and thereby writes his name. Now, no man on the beach. Only, a gull cry.

# OMEGA AS A STATE OF MIND

James Cortese

it comes when you are alone
when there is only you
and a summer evening and a summer sky
and a cold wind that shouldn't be
for once there is no height
the clouds the distant lights the fields
slipping in and out of the folds of darkness
are forgotten and their memory
bound up in that one sered leaf
scooped into the air
and shot between the lips of night
into the silent void
and then you hear
just above the muted rumble
of the heave and swell of reality
just behind the hanging mist
that wraps about the season like a shroud
the hideous whine of winter
the scream of the winter storm
and there above it all
in some desolate corner of the universe
you watch a glowing river of haze
whose immutable atoms
are the streaming fragments of broken souls
a moment becomes complete
compressing in itself
the kaleidoscope of days
and the terror of a night

## BELL

James Cortese

Its voice rides the back of a waxing breeze
that calls from a sunlit grove
and plays among the maple leaves
and whispers to the purple grass;
that beckons to the visitor evening
and rustles a forgotten dream
and flares with the embers of smouldering coals
and dies with the flickering flame.

## MORPHEUS

Sandy Graham

Softly, softly, we walked the brick geometry's careful paths,
Mouthing sad words of life remembered, of six dead arts,
seven dead joys,
Ten sleeping suns with frightened moons drowned in skies
of frozen tears.
By a pond punctuated by a naked island.
Sad tangibility in the cold of December's dying sun
Mourn the trees, too tired to rust.

# TRUE FRIENDSHIP, ONCE ENDED

## for Tom

James Neylon

What peppermint canopied delirium!
Arching on bellowed harmonics whose candied breath
Our horses pink & blue respectively
Churned a jerky falling back of turned
Smiles, held still by the perpetual herd.
Which slow motion bounding of painted steeds
Suggests the possibility of escape
Like Alice slipping through the looking glass
Into a colored image of the brain.
Imagine, and you hold the golden key!
This Bacchic reeling of melodic reeds
Marks the insidious flow of time turning
Just as pain can be a turning point
If at some point we stop and start again.

My chipped & crazy-eyed pink Pinto
Hung ridiculously half-way to the floor.
Then the cauchmar of a hundred frantic hands
Snatching up the drunken little faces
Whose dancing luted Pan had vanished
Waking a sea of thundered voices to breaking
Heaving & questioning sky now for directions
Raiding the marshes' backwash in cross directions.

# FIVE FINGER EXERCISE

James Neylon

Spilled pink seed & split to the green of rine,
Smashed wet over dark wood, the seedling mounted,
Through sheer dint of loin & finger,
The morning golden climb,
Flecked in a hay-tickled snapping where he found

The hacked Sanctum of the wing's first winger,
More vine-tied & weed-festooned than
Eden's Ivy-snickered bed.
He let the waver linger,
Tongued in the honied tangle of the land.

Which fickle of whose dawning dingus crested
In an escalating & trumpeted monument
To semination. Later, all slack,
Drivel & spittle-spent,
His cataracs would scour the crimson-breasted,

Spore-exploded, wind-mowed meadows: Rash
& mangey stray, whose blood-thin plunder
Spurted the little veins red
With leaving, now brass
And black-briared, where is the blood runner?

# CLEANNESS AND DEATH
## for El Orens

Hal Stowell

With stilted methodical strides
The tall beasts drummed the arid dunes.
White heat stung at my reddened eyes while
Dried desert sweat lay stinking on my robe.

I wondered at this last encounter.
The fatigue of countless battles
Gnawed inward to my bones.
With victory assured and retreat in progress
Is reason or simple Hell-flung desire
Behind this final rapier play?

The fine sheathed steel
Gently nudged my leg while
My moist hand caressed the ornate hilt.

With sight of the fated battalion
I unconsciously shifted my weight
And camel responded with quickened pace.

Dust thickened into a cloud
Split only by gleaming curves of death
And discordant screams.
Beast and warrior working together,
The blood-slick sword
Entered and departed cleanly,
And then paused. . . .

I dismounted, slowly wiped
Hot sweat, and turned:

A virgin face cast in despair
A spotless sabre with temper yet untested
Flashed a moment's sun.
Electric pain bit the soul
And ended the ecstasy of death.

# THE MARTYRED: A REVIEW

Susan Tracy

Richard Kim's novel, *The Martyred,* seems at first to be not so much a novel as a mystery. The narrator, Captain Lee, is a young man in the army of the Republic of Korea, investigating an incident of the war. Only two things seem clear to him and to the reader: the Communist North Koreans, while in possession of the city of Pyongyang, imprisoned fourteen ministers; twelve of them were executed. We later learn that of the two who survived, one is crazed by the experience; the other, Mr. Shin, refuses to tell anything about it.

As Lee goes on with the investigation, his character develops for us — a young man, curious, eager to know the truth; he has recently entered the army from teaching college. Kim contrasts him skillfully with Colonel Chang, his superior; Chang is a professional soldier, apparently interested *only* in the propaganda value of the incident. The questions that arises is: were the twelve ministers martyrs to the Christian faith, did they die as heroes? Chang exclaims at one point, "What you don't understand is that there should be no doubt about the story of the martyrs. They *were* good and saintly. Why? Because they were murdered by the Reds."

The people of Pyongyang consider Mr. Shin a traitor, a Judas who has betrayed the twelve other ministers. They stone him, attack his house. He refuses to say anthing. *Silently,* he accepts his punishment. Then, suddenly, the truth is revealed to Captain Lee and the reader: they discover how the "martyrs" died. Far from being heroic, they wept, they groveled like dogs before their executioners. Mr. Shin was the only brave man among them, who defied his captors to the last. Therefore, on a whim, the commanding officer spared him.

And now Mr. Shin comes forward and tells Lee that he will tell the true story to the city. Calling together the Christian ministers left in Pyongyang he proceeds to — identify himself as a traitor, who in fact betrayed the other twelve, truly a Judas! Next Sunday he preaches to his hostile congregation on the martyrs, reviling himself, describing the tortures they underwent, praising their courage. He tells the people that they died like heroes, sure of their reward, praying for him and for all their people. They have not died in vain, he says.

Mr. Shin, who suffers for an evil he has not committed, who willingly accepts the burden of giving his people hope, is a modern symbol of Christ. In another story, set in a tongue and place far removed from wartime Korea, Miguel Unamuno dealt with a similar theme. *San Manuel Bueno, Martir,* is a priest regarded as a saint by his people, a powerful inspiration to their faith. But secretly, within, he feels only despair and no faith. Both authors, writing in an age of skepticism, created characters perhaps unique to this age: human beings themselves without hope, yet able to inspire it in others.

Near the end of *The Martyred,* Mr. Shin tells Lee, "Men cannot endure their sufferings without hope, without the promise of justice, if not here and now — and there is none — then somewhere else, in heaven, yes, in the Kingdom of God. And so I returned to the city." Though the reader may or may not accept this viewpoint, he accepts the novel as a moving experience, its characters real human beings with whom one feels and suffers. Kim, like Conrad, wrote in a foreign tongue, yet showed a true ear for its sound. Unlike Conrad, however, his style is clear, simple, and very direct. It is a style which expresses forcefully the reality of these people and the reality of "the grave and suffering land."

**FOR ALL YOUR OPTICAL NEEDS**

Eyeglasses, Frames, Sunglasses

Contact Lens Supplies, and Skiglasses with

Shatterproof Lenses for that inevitable "egg-beater"

**RAPID REPAIRS and REPLACEMENTS**

# "DON" CALL

**OPTICIAN**

**56 Main St. — Amherst**

---

# AMHERST TOWER

**small restaurant**

**Pizzas — Submarines & Delicatessen Style Sandwiches**

11 East Pleasant St. — Amherst

Open 9:30 A.M. to 1:00 A.M.

Fri. & Sat. until 2:00 A.M.

---

IF
IT'S
BEEN
BOTTLED
IT'S
STOCKED
FOR
YOU
AT

# FOUR SEASONS

— liquors —

Imported and Domestic Glassware, and Hostess
Acessories at the Gift Bar

Route 9
Hadley

Free Delivery
Call JU 4-8174

Browsers Welcome
at

# BAUCOM'S

**TEXTBOOK EXCHANGE**

Stop in and browse through our liberal selection of best sellers, new and used textbooks and a complete line of quality paperbacks.

Whether it be classic or for classroom, avante garde fiction or serious scholarship, we have it at BAUCOM'S, a bookstore in the best tradition.

---

# A. J. HASTINGS, INC.

NEWSDEALER & STATIONER

Christmas Cards and Gifts

Toys and Games

FOR ALL YOUR
COLLEGE SUPPLIES

---

# House of Walsh, Inc.

**More than a toggery**

**A College Institution**

**Visit Our New Ski-Skeller**

---

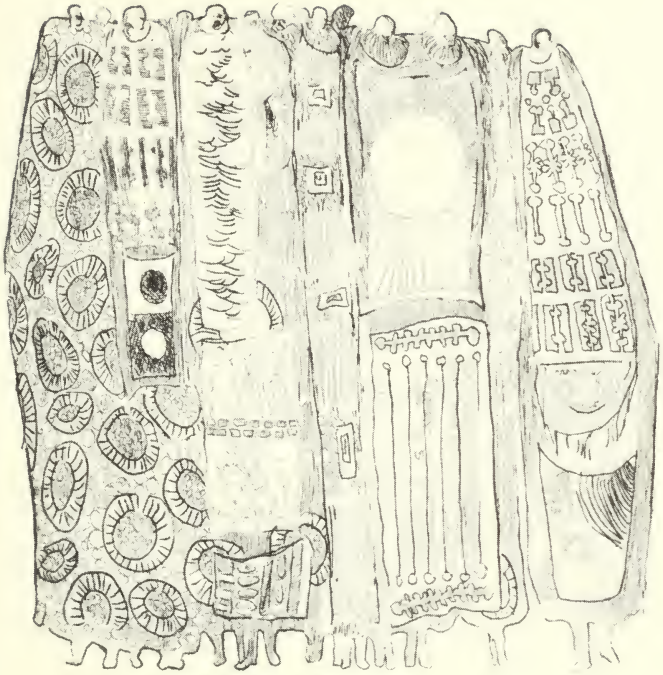
When in Northampton or Amherst, Visit the

# AQUA VITAE RESTAURANT AND MOTEL

on Route 9 in Hadley. For Reservations call:

JU 4-9892 Restaurant

JU 6-0300 Motel



# CÆSURA

SPRING 1965

# CÆSURA

SPRING 1965

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

# CÆSURA

The Literary Magazine

Of The University Of Massachusetts

## THE STAFF


MAIDA HURWITZ, *Editor*

EDITORIAL BOARD

SUSAN TRACY, *Associate Editor*
DAVID AXELROD
JAMES CORTESE
MARCIA ELASOWICH
DAVID HARACZ
GEOFFREY KENSETH
JANE MACFATE, *Secretary*
JOAN SCHOPPE
LOIS SKOLNICK
NORMAN TRUMP

ART BOARD

JULIE FIORE
BEA ST. LAURENT

TED WEINBERG, *Business Manager*
DAVID PORTER, *Faculty Advisor*
MARGARET DAMM, *Faculty Art Advisor*



CÆSURA is published three times a year by undergraduates of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, Massachusetts and is edited by undergraduate and graduate students.

Subscription for the year is one dollar and fifty cents. Address: Box 104, Recognized Student Organizations, Student Union, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts.

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT, NUMBER TWO

# TABLE OF CONTENTS


PROSE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Burgess Needle | *The Pact* | 5 |
| Frank Thomas | *No Contact* | 37 |
| James Cortese | From *Cr*m** and *P*n*shm*nt* | 51 |

POETRY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| David Axelrod | *The History of Two Children* | 12 |
| | *A House on Lothrop Street* | 13 |
| | *Time, Metaphysically* | 14 |
| | *Faust-Like* | 15 |
| Roland Laramee | *Sonnet* | 16 |
| | *Antics for Miss Streeter* | 16 |
| | *Hound at Noon* | 17 |
| | *The Fort in March* | 18 |
| | *Sonnet* | 19 |
| Shelby Allen | *Defeat of a Hypocrite* | 20 |
| Judith Vannett | *Fishertrees* | 21 |
| R. F. Towne | *Sand* | 21 |
| Sandra Graham | *Poem for My Uncle Victor* | 22 |
| James Cortese | *Harlem Lyric* | 23 |
| | *Sublime Reality* | 24 |
| | *The Crow* | 25 |
| Philip Bedaw | *Spring Morning Sunday* | 26 |
| | *Evolution* | 27 |
| James Neylon | *Sun Eater, As a House Guest* | 46 |
| | *Under the Banyan Trees* | 47 |
| | *The Point at Issue for a Bullfrog* | 47 |
| | *The Salem Witch . . . (etc.)* | 48 |
| | *Candle Snuffer* | 49 |
| David Haracz | *On Being Awakened . . . (etc.)* | 50 |
| | *Agnostic Late in Lent* | 51 |
| | *(Untitled)* | 51 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. Augusta | *Memories* | 52 |
| Janet Whelan | *Relationship* | 53 |
| Norman Trump | *A Minor Key* | 54 |
| | *(Untitled)* | 55 |
| Carl Sharpe | *Winter Sip* | 56 |
| | *(Untitled)* | 57 |
| | *Careless* | 58 |
| Jane MacFate | *Haiku* | 58 |
| Susan Tracy | *Decline* | 59 |
| Elaine Ekstrom | *Easter Sun* | 60 |


## ART


| | |
|---|---|
| Bob Coon | 29 |
| Kelly Sandel | 32 |
| Robert Pero | 34 |
| Kathy Patten | 36 |


Cover by Bob Coon

# THE PACT

Burgess Needle

It was early afternoon and the gull was hungry. Motionless as a marble ornament, he had been perched on a sand dune staring off at the glistening sea when hunger, driving instinctive hunger, reached him. He flapped his wings once, then flew straight toward the water. Images of clams, broken and dripping on long flat rocks, shone with a constant clarity in his mind. The scenery that unraveled beneath him, including the tiny grey cape codder, slipped by unnoticed. From the gull's vantage point the house appeared as a mauve thing of sharp angles with a green pseudopod jutting off to one side. The emerald luxury of carefully nurtured grass had no meaning to him; only the search for food mattered. His wings beat slowly as he soared out over the dunes. The water was oily in texture; the day as calm as the hundreds that had preceded it in the gull's existence. He sensed no danger as his shadow made the transition from the powdery sand to the quietly receding water. Methodically, with the enduring patience of a charwoman, the ocean scrubbed its beach clean.

In the shadow-filled interior of a cellar two boys enjoyed their solitude. Intently, with youthful concentration, they connected the tracks of a model train set. Several layers above them, through flooring and insulation, a woman shouted.

"Robert! Philip! Where are you? Hello . . . hello . . ."

Her voice dropped abruptly on the last word. She felt suddenly foolish saying 'hello' in an empty room.

Exasperated, she strode into the kitchen and turned the indicator under a kettle of water to 'hot'.

"They're playing cowboys and Indians," she mumbled to herself, "or pulling a disappearing act."

There was the sound of a car pulling into the driveway. She sat at the table and propped her head on her clasped hands. When the man opened the door she was staring listlessly in his direction.

"Bad day, huh?"

She continued to see through him.

"I'm really sorry. Provincetown was the best I could do. Where do you think Hawthorne would have taken you for your tenth wedding anniversary? Madrid? Capetown? Bermuda? The New . . ."

She had dropped her head and covered her ears before starting to cry. It was the crying of a small child, more the whimpering of a cut finger than the sorrow of a woman.

"Honey . . . honey, come on, come upstairs with me. It just came out and I'm sorry. Would you rather I carried it inside like an ulcer? I said it and that's that and now it's over."

"Damn you! Damn you to hell, you lousy bastard! Always there with the quick easy answers, the petty lies, the snide remarks. You make me sick."

"That'a girl. Get it all off your chest. Listen, I'm going back into town for a bottle. What d'you want?"

"Arsenic might be nice this time of day. Yes, either that or liquid rat poison."

"Ha ha ha, always with the cute return. I love you for that, baby. Hawthorne was an ass to let you get away. Gimme a kiss until I get back? No? Okay, see you in about twenty minutes."

He walked out whistling to himself and she got up to watch him pull out of the driveway. The car straddled the dirt road until

it reached the highway, then vanished behind the shrubbery. She emptied a teaspoon of instant coffee into a brown mug, then sat back at the table while the water came to a boil. At first she fidgeted with the salt shaker, but after a few minutes she gradually lowered her head until her flushed cheeks came into contact with cool formica veneer. Unexpectedly, at the moment her ear touched the tabletop, she heard the voices. Through some acoustical freak she was listening to the boys' singing. Faintly, like a radio playing two houses away from your own, she heard the words.

". . . been working on the railroad all the livelong day. I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time away. Can't you . . ."

Below her clicking heels the boys continued to sing to themselves, unaware of an approaching interruption.

The calmness was shattered as the door above their heads slammed open and an insistent voice, accompanied by a shaft of light, broke their seclusion.

"What are you two doing down there?"

"Nothing, Ma," answered the blond one. "We're just putting together tracks from the railroad kit you gave me for my birthday."

"But it's beautiful outside. The sun is shining and it's so nice out. Why don't the two of you go out and play in the fresh air?" she entreated. "It will be good for you."

They looked up at one another, then at the tracks which almost formed a figure eight. A shrug of understanding passed between them as they arose together.

"We'll be right up," the black-haired one said.

The silhouetted form of their mother moved out of the doorway as they scrambled upstairs.

"Listen," she said, "go into the back yard and cut some lilacs from the bush outside the fence. I can put them in a vase and we can smell them on the table when it's time to eat supper. How does that sound?"

The dark-haired one was Robert, and he nodded apathetically. "Sure, Ma," he said, but he sounded unexcited.

"Don't go too far from the house, and be sure to bring the lilacs in before your father gets home."

They nodded in unison and trooped silently to the back door.

"Oh, Robert," she cried after him, "I forgot to tell you that if you decide to go to the beach, tell me first."

"Right, Ma. Is Uncle Hawthorne coming?"

"No," she said, paling visibly. "He only comes when you're in New York. You haven't said anything to your father, have you?"

"No," he admitted.

"That's a good boy. Now go out after Philip and take good care of him."

The older boy ran outside and dropped to the ground alongside Philip.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"Guess we'd better get the lilacs," Philip answered.

"She really doesn't want the lilacs. She just wants us outside."

"Gee whiz! We could've finished building the railroad if she didn't really want anything."

Robert shrugged with exasperation, raising and lowering his small shoulders.

"I guess I shouldn't tell you this," he said, "but Uncle Hawthorne may be coming today."

"Uncle Hawthorne?" Philip asked. "Who's Uncle Hawthorne?"

"I don't think you were ever around when he came. I've only seen him a few times myself."

"What's so special about him?"

"Pa doesn't like him."

"Huh? Why not?"

"I don't know. Ma told me he was an old friend of hers before she met Pa."

"Before she met Pa?" Philip appeared incredulous.

"Yeah. Anyway, I promised her anytime he came by I wouldn't say anything to Pa. Uncle Hawthorne's really a nice guy, though. Once he brought me two Hershey bars . . . with nuts."

He paused for a moment, as if estimating his brother's ability to withstand shock.

"Do you know that wrist watch Ma said she found in the subway in New York?"

"Uh huh."

"Well, she didn't find it," he said triumphantly. "Uncle Hawthorne gave it to her."

"Boy! It's a good thing Pa never found out. If you got a present from someone and I didn't, I'd be pretty mad."

"You stupid or something? Pa wouldn't be mad because *he* didn't get something. He'd be mad because someone else is buying her presents."

"Is that all? Sounds crazy to me."

"Well, that's not the worst thing."

"Yeah? What else did he do?"

"He gave her a baby!"

"A baby! What'd she do with *that*?"

"Gave it to someone else, I guess. She must've been afraid Pa would get mad again."

"How'd you find out about it?"

"Uncle Hawthorne told me about it once. He said he came back to get it, but you were here instead."

"No kidding?"

"Yeah. Ma came in when he was telling me and she started crying."

"Why was she crying? Did she miss the baby?"

"You don't understand. Anyway, I guess he's not coming today, after all. Ma would've sent us further away than the lilac bush."

"Maybe he is, though," Philip countered. "If he came would he bring us some presents? What d'you think?"

"No. I don't think he'd bring us anything and I don't think he's coming. Besides, Pa only went to the store."

"Criminy! He still won't be back for a long time. What do we do?"

Robert was silent for a moment, then . . . "Hey, you know your pellet gun?"

"Yeah," Philip answered apprehensively.

"Why don't we go down to the beach and see if there's anything to shoot?"

"Like what, for instance?"

"Anything! Beer bottles on the sea wall, milk cartons in the water . . . anything!"

"Sure, I guess we could . . . but . . ." he hesitated.

"But what?" Robert asked, by now entirely carried away by his own enthusiasm. "Ma won't really care. You get the gun from the garage and we can go to the beach and be back before she misses us. Come on!"

Reluctantly, Philip gave his assent, then ran for the gun. He returned at once, and they looked at one another like conspirators before sneaking out the back entrance of the picket fence.

The gull circled, eyes intently scanning the beach below. It was low tide, and tiny air holes appeared in the slightly rippled sand as the water seeped away. Beneath the ground, clams lay dormant, suspended in an atmosphere of grainy earth, their shells of hardened membrane shut rigid. As more water drained off, the level of the beach settled, and the bird that dipped and wheeled above spotted the glint of an exposed shell. He hovered for an instant, his powerful wings motionless and stiffly outspread. In a swooping dive he came in low, flying just ahead of his shadow as it raced smoothly along the sand. Just before reaching his objective the gull suddenly folded his wings and, with claws greedily extended, dropped on the half-exposed clam. With barely a pause he was in flight again, the clam tightly clenched beneath his downy underside. Higher and higher they circled, the seagull and the clam, heading straight for the sun.

Far below, heat waves arose from the land, but in the crispness of high altitude the gull beat steadily upward, careless of the sun's warmth or glare. It was time for the next step. The predatory brain of the gull knew instinctively where to drop hard-shelled creatures that remained stubbornly shut. The clam plummeted down to a plateau of rock perpetually encrusted with the remains of his brethren. CRUNCH . . . and it was over. With the enforced discipline of a Spartan warrior the clam had remained silent until the end, and now he was cracked, dripping his life juices on the burning rock, recreating in death the earlier image that had formed in the gull's mind. Relentlessly, the gull circled lower. He was so intent on the meal awaiting that the two small forms emerging from behind a dune escaped his attention. Lower and lower he came, beady eyes blinded to all but the broken clam. Crack! A pellet sped by his head. Crack! Blood spurted from his neck as another pellet passed through him. No longer was he the graceful killer as he fell rather clumsily the last few feet. Crumpled, he lay on the rock,

wings ruffled in the throes of death, inches away from the smashed clam that was already warmed by the sun. He twisted once over, then stayed almost rigid, head flung back in a last defiant gesture.

The two boys walked slowly over the flat rock, crunching shells underfoot as they moved closer to the dead gull.

"Who do you think got him?" one asked wistfully.

"You did," the other replied with all the assurance he could muster.

They prodded him with sticks, then lightly stroked the soft neck, spattered with crimson droplets.

"He looks mean," the blond one said.

"Yeah," the dark one mumbled. "He didn't look that big in the air."

The dark-haired one suddenly turned on the other.

"I said we were just going to shoot at bottles and stuff. Why'd you kill it?"

"I don't know," the other answered. "He was so close and everything. I never shot anything alive before."

"You mean you never shot anything dead before," Robert said in disgust. "Come on, we better hide it."

They went around gathering materials and covered the gull's body completely under a pile of sun-dried kelp. The younger one, apparently without even stopping to think, picked up a handful of sand and threw it in his brother's face.

"I hate you!" he shouted. "You made me get the gun."

The other rubbed his eyes for a minute and fluffed the sand out of his hair.

"You're not going to tell Ma, are you? I mean you're the one who shot it."

"No, I won't," Philip said, and sighed heavily. "Let's get back. Maybe there's time to finish the track before Pa gets home."

They walked off together, one swinging the rifle in his hand.

"Robert?"

"Yeah?"

"You don't tell Ma about the shooting and I won't tell Pa about Uncle Hawthorne. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Shake on it?"

They paused just long enough to clasp right hands.

# THE HISTORY OF TWO CHILDREN

David Axelrod

*(the first part of a longer poem imagining the lives of two unidentified children in daguerreotype)*

Two children, stiff and proper,
They, and though a hundred years
Have stood so stiff, are two children, still.

A picture once carefully preserved
In delicate paper among other memories,
Lay damp in a basement,
Trucked to a careless resting,
Until, one day, investigating corners,
I found the cache and resurrected
The two stiff children.

An apple-faced boy, stuffed
In trim grey tweed,
With a glimmer of joy on his lips
At the prospect of being a daguerreotype,
Keeps his legs crossed, an arm
Firmly braced on a tapestried bench;
And his glimmer, and his shock of hair
Never again will shuffle across his face —
Fixed by a camera lens.
He looks so comical, so posed
Stiff and unsmiling, too old to be a boy.

It could have been the wait for
A pokey man and a smokey flash
But a boy worth his salt would smile
At all of that! It was his sister
At his side, a hand on his shoulder.
No self-respecting boy could long endure
A sister's hand, or thoughts of her
Forever standing over him.

Poor sister. Such a little woman,
Dressed in black and proper, pleated dress.
Who made her stand so decently
At brother's side; and her eyes,
Wide in her round face,
Knowing more than age should show?

So stiff, those two,
They must have thawed them
Only with a Christmas candle,
Once a year. My two good Yankee Children.

## A HOUSE ON LOTHROP STREET

David Axelrod

The old man
meticulously
painted his sea-scapes
on the screens of his windows.
Then, too old to row,
he sat inside and took
the pleasure of the passers
as a reward.

# TIME, METAPHYSICALLY

David Axelrod

*". . . Forsake thy cage,*
*Thy rope of sands,*
*Which pettie thoughts have made"*
—GEORGE HERBERT

The rope of sand played out
sand spent, the cord ready to be cut
life, in grains and time
a continuous strand
the rope of sand strangling my life

I, tired and worn, hung
with weight of years
may go from dust to dust or
turning the hour glass, I would
from sand to sand flow
for another in sorrow of passing hours

Keep me from the rippling ocean floor
when tide is out, the sea knot
weaved of unending motion
the image of my doom I see there
the rope of sand.

## FAUST-LIKE

David Axelrod

Besieged by scaling notes of a Pan-flute
gleefully sounded by the neighbor boy
who circles my house like Joshua
about to crush me with my own walls,
hounded by the bark of neighbor's dog
out to find his favorite bitch,
or (as if he were master of the world)
scare all hell from neighbor's cat;
bound in my cell by studies
I am led to some private yearning:
Joshua, rend my walls!
Let Hound of Hell attend me
to contract my soul, fulfill my craving.

## SONNET

Roland Laramee

Alone I watch the hollow clang of sunlight
Beat against the grey of crumbling towers
Cymballing the march of unborn hours
While a shadow marks the sun's declining height.

Who can hear the echo of this frenzied cry
Called up to match the spinning silence?
A death is presaged in the burnished lance
Sharpened to circle a taunt in the placid sky.

Across the edge of the barren field, a bird
Arcs a sentence in the murky leaves;
And mutters to his sweet to come

Beyond the neuter lowing of the herd
To a nest where a stronger breath achieves
Its rocking task, and dreams protect the home.

## ANTICS FOR MISS STREETER

Roland Laramee

Howling is for more than wolves
The urge for breaking up the night.
The forest lies relatively still
While Miss Streeter turns over to avert
The bottles that clink down house-haunted stairs.
Who says that ghosts are less substantial than
The jaws behind the howling of the wind?

Some capering spirit churns the silence up
Invites the shadows to a feast of din.
While old Miss Streeter loathes her night-gowned self
Attending to her fourposter's creaks for fear
Of faceless laughter in the dark of night.

## HOUND AT NOON

Roland Laramee

Remembrance is more the burden than the lyric
Of evening calls. In the morning from the cauldron
of the molten dawn
Leap flecks of boiling dew scalding the edges of the night.
The day begins and gold runs quick.

Up from the valley of wakening green races the spotted hound
Chasing the phantom wonder of the hare brushing
In its flight dawn in the tinkling grass.
The mountain region sings in his ears the hollow air
of heights.
Feeling his limit the hare veers to hide
Till night.

The hunter climbing still mounts the summit
gulping the precious air.
He pursues more than his phantom the pounding, the wind-hunger
of the climb
And the coming of life in waters stilled on the mountain's spoon.
He laps the liquid light and it is noon.

# THE FORT IN MARCH

Roland Laramee

Spring sits heavy on her doorstep here,
No daffodils on her woolen shawls.
Waddles in, flows heavy from each pore,
In melting March.

Spring brings no children here,
But drags her faded skirt,
Sighs to slump to puddles,
Baring her rusty knees.

Spring knows that life bears death
And then decays here.
Spends aching homesick days here,
Drags her dress that frays here,
Weeps, and tries to pray,
Does not know what to say,
Fears another day,
Knows her body stays here
In Gloucester's sea-thawed earth.

## (Untitled)

Roland Laramee

Out of the cleft he struts the hollow rungs
Straddles the years that scale the glazed expanse
Where tides the vapored drifts of dissonance
Troubling the clean breathing—the pinkish lungs

Of this singer holding forth in unfinished strains
A voice, he shapes the mist into pale tunes
Clips the winding stretch of cloudy dunes
Spirited up from the elusive plains.

Some listeners will sense the shuffle of his feet
Unsure of their intent in the uncertain space
Signed with the smoke he alone may delete

And feel the sand that burns disgrace
In the lung-cage of the warbler whose sweet
Voice makes of dust upon the light, a place.

# DEFEAT OF A HYPOCRITE

Shelby Allen

Auntie Lil is pink and green,
A pastel awning
Of femininity
Against the harsh hot sparkle
Of a redly moving world.
Progress?
Auntie favors teacups
With that English-garden tracery.

Blood and pain, in birth, in death,
Fundamental truths
Are not nourished in the garden.
The pain of love dies there as well,
Though not for want of singing.
A song becomes a truth with touching;
Crying, smelling, holding on.
Easter Lilies kiss the dying, Auntie —
The man you shun to touch
Is born again to purity.

## FISHERTREES

Judith Vannett

The leaves form a net
To catch the stars
Which sail by my window;
But when they're caught
They look so helpless
That the fishertrees set them free.
Then sit and try to catch the moon
And tell of comets
That got away.

## SAND

R. F. Towne

the sand blew away
revealing
images of men
revealing
stories of life
revealing
the people all
revealing
their loves
revealing
their hates
revealing
sand

# POEM FOR MY UNCLE VICTOR

Sandy Graham

My grandmother, in her forty-second year,
Grew heavy with unexpected child.
She kept indoors, shunned
Old men and circuses, in fear
Some horror seen
Would warp the unborn child.
Her seven daughters,
All half grown, foresaw
An idiot's birth. Whispering
In kitchen and stairway,
Of slanting eyes, long black hair,
Mind forever cradle bound.

The child burst, at last,
Like a hurricane. She dared
Not look at him, at first,
But traced a finger across
His eyes and lips. Then
Smiled to see his yellow hair,
And long straight legs.
His toes curled in,
His eyes attached to
A full right human brain.
She laughed, and called him Victor.

Winter nights, she crept by him,
Whispering his name, praising God
And her doctor. He grew straight,
Walked at eight months, talked at nine.
She toddled in his steps, spoke in his tones,
Shared his meals, and read his books from school.
Her ears grew sharp, for in the night,
He woke, crying "Mother, mother, mother."

## HARLEM LYRIC

James Cortese

I have been dead an eon and an age,
become like the wind, the desert simoons,
rippling vast wastes of deathless sand,
fluttering the lids of leaden corpses
that stare sightless at shrunken skies.
Here the night is deep and shifting
and there is no sound but the scratching
of rat's feet behind the fissured walls
and the drone of green-winged flies,
suffused with the breath of stinking shadows.

It is here that I see you again,
lying in a heap of rags on the floor,
clawing the air with a phthistic hand.
I see the hollows that were your eyes,
the tangled snakes that were your hair.
But there are no tears here, I have no tears.
I am no victim of Achilles' spear,
no martyr of the centurion's nail;
I have seen the mirrored image of my soul
and confronted not saint, but satyre,
not angelic, but grotesque:
the face of man instead of the face of God.

# SUBLIME REALITY

James Cortese

*Human perfection consists in an expansion of the self until it enjoys the world as it enjoys itself.*
—NORMAN O. BROWN

The ecstasy of an age is over,
the window onto eternity
is boarded up with time,
and a hideous monstrosity,
child of a generation, is born
of the union of brute and man,
of man and brute in himself.
Gone from the impulse and urge
are the mystery and passion
with which they had begun,
comprehending suffering and joy.
And gone from the tragedies
are the heroes and gods,
the revelation and the purge,
the thunder and the outrage
that have dissolved now
into whimpering fantasies
and sad dreams of despair.
And where are the lately dead
with luminescent bones?
They are sleeping quietly,
curled and sweetly scented,
at rest in another bed.

But here beyond life and death
the cellar walls are black
with soot, the narrow windows
are shuttered and bolted
and there on the musty floor
the ritual masque has begun
as all the world converges
like a million hairy spiders
to honor its carrion God.

## THE CROW

James Cortese

There in the stiff tangle,
the creak and clatter of ice-shocked trees,
exploding in a chaos of spectral flame
and fluttering chips of crystalline light;
there beneath the vaults of icicle-arch
and soaring, enameled scape;
there, suspended in folds of white,
beneath canopy and rippling drape of white:
she presided, silent, motionless, brooding,
magnificent as a god,
black as the pit of night.

# SPRINGMORNING SUNDAY

Phillip Bedaw

Spring scrubs my
Muddy little feet
Squeezing them
Into shining
Black
Shoes,
Sitting me
Squirming in collar
Starch and blue little suit
On a hard
Old
Bench
With my
All funny powdery-
Smelling mother,
Black-hatted
In
May.

Up front
Pious lilies'
Petal souls tremble to
The organchoir wrath
Of god
Itself
And a sad old angel's
Red sunshine tears fall
In dusty rays
From a stained-
Glass
Heaven.

A grey-haired
Godman speaks long
Black-robed words.
I just want
To play
Baseball.

## EVOLUTION

Phillip Bedaw

So it was you, you sly little monkey,
Tucked away in the smelly jungles of time,
Chirping sadly,
Banished by your primate brothers,
Unlike them, pondering weakly,
Your place, your purpose,
Wondering slightly why,
You were less hairy than they.

Who would guess that you, you slippery
Mutated little straight man,
When prompted by Charlie
(That cantankerous old jokester)
Would boldly pinch the smug fat ass of religion,
Making it screech and fart and blush,
In a most unsophisticated manner,
In front of your embarrassed descendants.

# ART FEATURES

**Bob Coon**

Bob Coon is a graduate of the University of Georgia and is presently a graduate student in the Art Department here at the University. His medium is etching.

**Kelly Sandel**

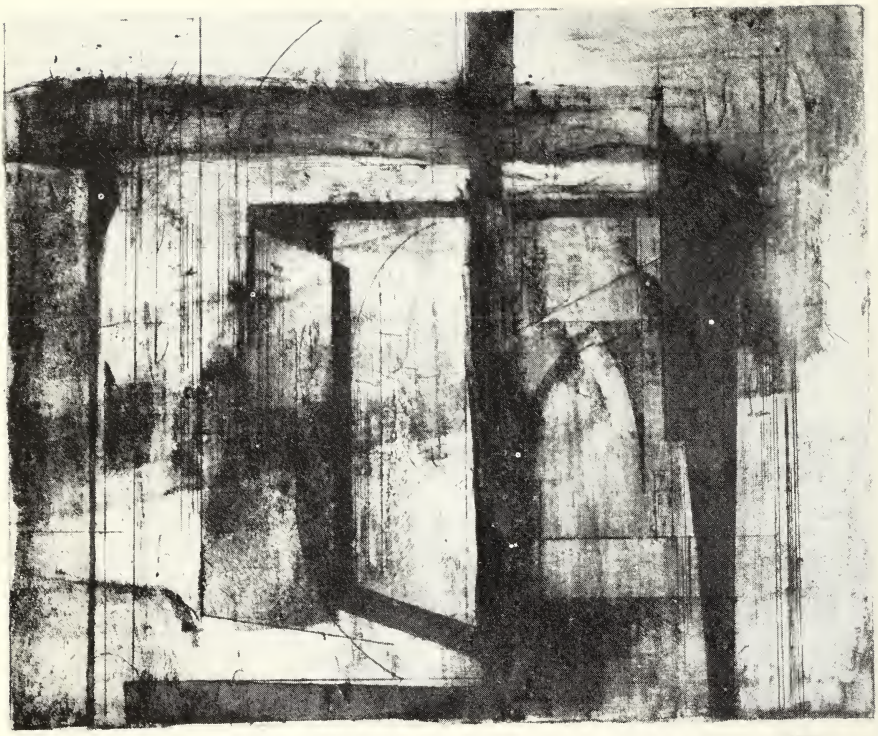
Kelly Sandel graduated from the University of Massachusetts in 1963, and is now doing graduate work here in printmaking. Kelly says about her work, "When your work speaks for itself, — shut up. If it doesn'e, try again."

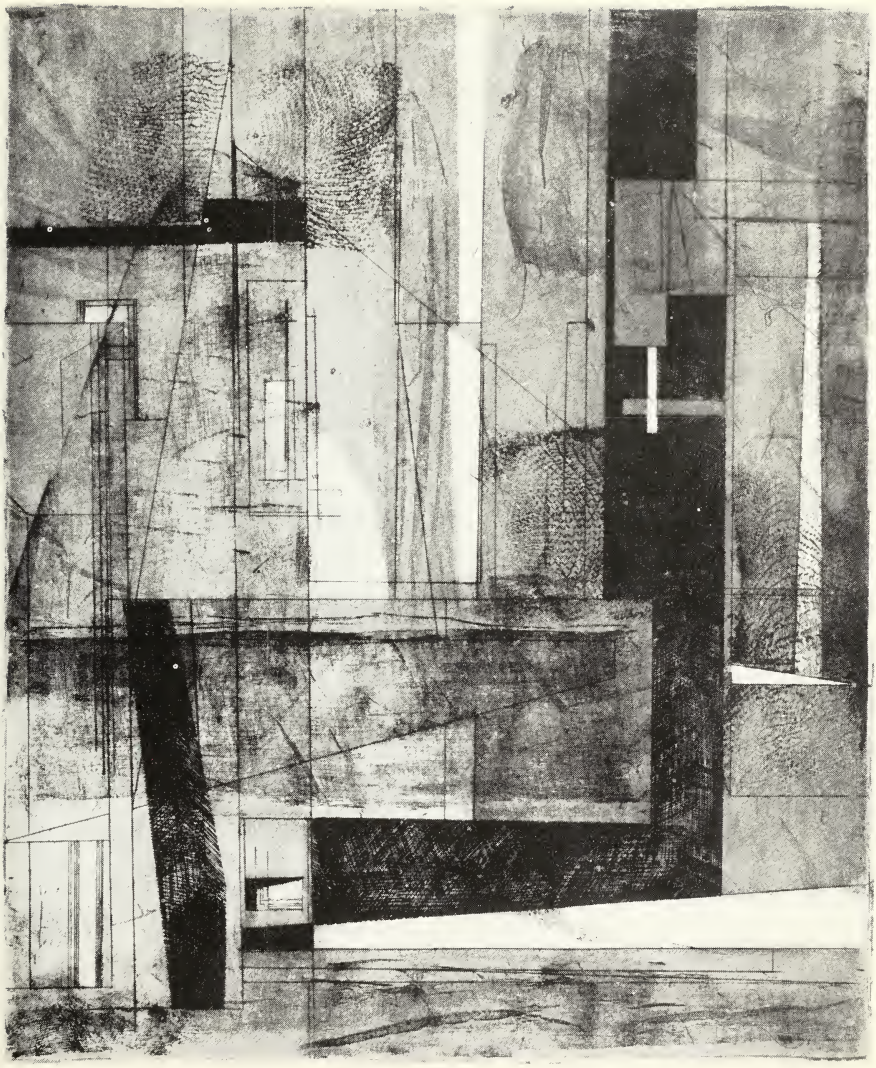
**Bob Pero**

Bob Pero is a senior student in the Art Department at the University. Reproduced here are representatives of his etchings.

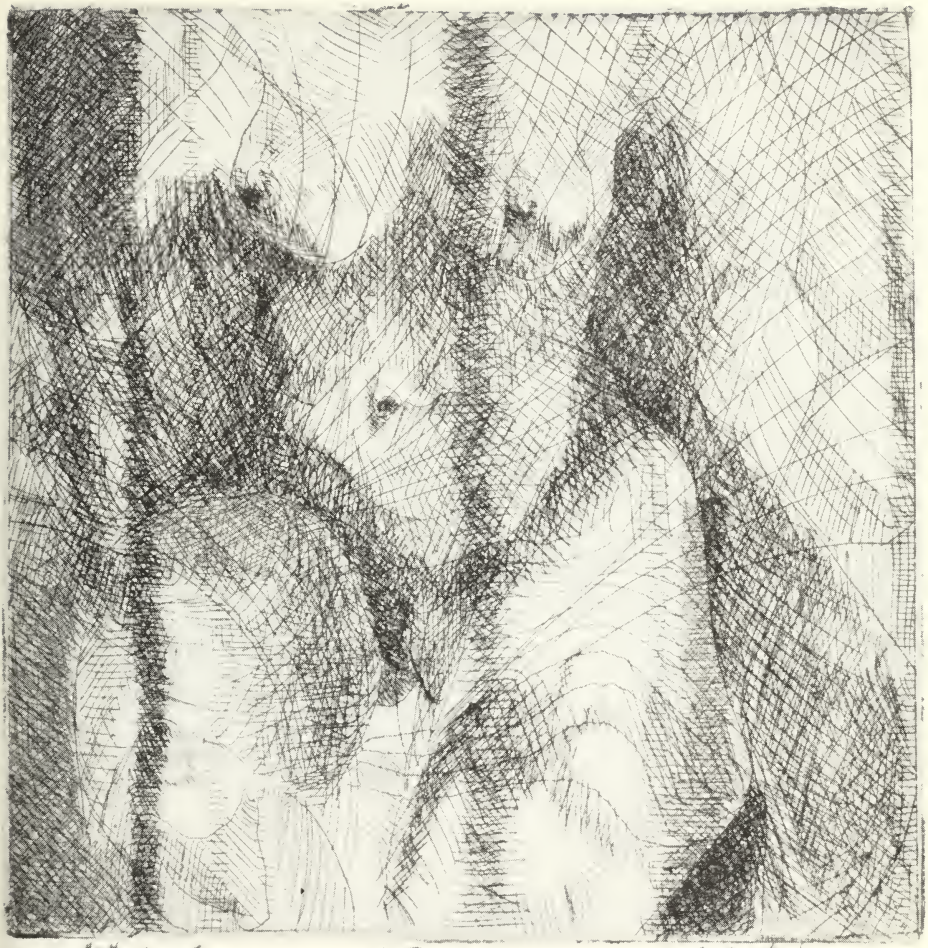
**Kathy Patten**

Kathy Patten is a junior at the University, and is majoring in art.





Artist's Proof
"Double Portrait"
Robert Rose 55



Artist's Proof "Torso" Robert Pere 65

# NO CONTACT

Frank Thomas

When I was a little boy plenitude was suggested by those stamped metal fronts placed on top of candy counters, painted candy roll colors in the best attempt of imitation.

It is stacked with all the surrogate goodies that possess the imagination and tire the striving mind . . . not that I'm against the striving . . . just against the imitation. There are times too, most of them, when we are so far away from what is our worth and are sunk among the worthless, that the mind tires of attempts to comprehend and goes to sleep.

It was so that I recalled these things when we crossed the river that day. The dim crossing wavers in my memory now while mind calls it back, as though it almost wanted not to come. The other side. The other side. What's it like?

Dripping now, we sometimes lay upon the rubber rafts that bore us toward a distant shore. With quiet rubber-pudgied squirts we oozed away from what we knew. Big rounds tore through a female darkness that covered and protected . . . an obscure, huge Mammie. The air smelled like any dank Harlemed whore.

We swam now pulling the rafts behind us; the rafts carrying all those heavy dry provisions that would destroy the enemy. We floated away from and on to; we oscillated and wondered at death . . . if it came first, or if no matter how quickly you "got it" it nevertheless stole upon you and took you unaware and like a heavy pudding smothered you, so slowly you never cared because you never knew.

I thought now about the Academy and the hurried days on the Plain and running, rifles fixed with bayonets, beating time to rhythmic cadence set by an iron-lunged drillmaster. Faster! Faster, faster now! Cadence Count! One, Two, Hate. One, Two Hate. Hate, Hate, Hate! The Public's here, the Public's watching. Don't spoil our image now. We are the men, the gilded men, the men of tragic lore. Our Bible is our brawn. We are the race of hairy-chested men with arms so strong they crush the force that nurtured them. We are the winners, we are the Right, we are the good boys who sit up all the night to, by filing just a bit, put an awful lot of wickedness upon an edge of steel. We are the playboys, the handmaidens of those, your codes of goodness. We are the teeth that put the bite, that set the might into your self-righteous ways.

Hate, Hate, Hate, Hate.

Follow the sun, my little boys. At last you'll come to me. Minced-up mincemeat, you're human all the same. Blood's never quite so red as when it runs for right as water never runs so well as when it runs uphill. So work hard, you'll sleep tonight; work so hard you'll die. Run away from earthly sight, your faith will never die. And how we'd chant that time-long song of hate. The drillmaster. Hate him too.

Battalion order read: Hdqs. Btn

1. Mission: Reconnaissance in full force
2. Enemy capabilities: Enemy forces heavy and heavy reinforced: Enemy security: intensive and extensive

We moved out immediately after receiving orders and although the whole battalion was here on the water with us, we seemed alone. A total commitment, the orders read. A total commitment. We were playing our part, they'd best play theirs or there will be a lot of disappointed brass on both sides.

It was at times like this that I got the distinct impression that I was being watched . . . that something had moved me out here without me knowing it was working and that now it had me here it turned the reins over to se saying, "Here, it's yours now, good luck." May the best man win. Rot!

All right, you men, remember the Major. Avenge Major Black tonight. (yeh. avenge the "good" major black, the good major who won his way to the bed of the captain's wife. the good major black

who screwed that company back in styxville, the way he let them run smackdab against a reinforced enemy battalion who he said would be a pushover, who he said were all raw recruits, who he said were underpaid ranch-hands gone military, who he said were ready to die like flies . . . were already doing so because they lacked the food and stuff that makes a soldier's situation livable. well I hope the dear major gets to say so many nice things to that company of our guys whose withered skins are plastered on bomb-pounded roads and who smelled the splattered urine when the shells struck the closing enemy in the groin, who smelled it before they could smell no more, so here's to you, have a hell of a time. I hope your line of march streaks straight, major, you grease-haired monkey . . . I hope you get nuts.)

From way out here the line between the water and the ground it met seemed too sharp an edge to run our frail craft against. The moon shone brightly now, through swirls of fog and cloud we were able to see now and then, a silvered knife edge bared toward us and seemingly ready to draw those thin pink lines on us that look so neat but kill a man. We forgot for a while that the shore continued beneath the water and beyond that edge where each exterminated the other.

I noticed a light on the hill behind the shore line. It was burning brightly, wavered briefly and died. I thought it took an awful lot of effort to lay even a little wisp of light in a place so high as that. Light is like so many things we know that are carried as quiet heavy burden holding promises of revelation which seem always to die at the moment we most critically need them in. And most of all I knew this now, when for every light that wavered and refused to let itself be shone to purpose to see the way ahead, a lot of darkness jumped me.

Was he there and was he waiting?

Battalion expectations read:
Interdictory fires will support landing party
Contact imminent

In any battle crossing, the landing's the thing; put your best foot forward and impress the enemy. That's why "in the service" they have you polish your shoes back-end, front-end; to impress them coming and going; so when you land you hope you can slap them hard enough so they won't want to see you again. Really though,

these are all dreams. They are just things you would like to believe because they make the only pleasure there is at times like this. These are the only things that give you that little advantage over death when so close to it, that let life become bearable. This is the soldier's true income; that he can get along with so little and in doing so come to realize what little things stand for.

Well, we landed and what a Fourth of July it was. We knew we had to go toward the enemy and we knew where they were supposed to be because that's the way all the big rounds were headed. So we walked that way; not too fast, though, because then we might get there before some of the big stuff and have it fall into us. And it was strange the way things went. Why, all the preparation and planning that went into this whole mess and what came out of it . . . well, it was hard to believe. You'd think the months and months of effort to make this thing work, this affair of twenty minutes, would have come off better than it did. Things were happening so fast that nobody knew what to hell was going on or where it was happening. I think that all the planning was made not so there would be any order to the landing but only so as many things could be placed in this limited sphere of action, this landing, as quickly and as close together as possible. That's it; like the whole purpose of that planning was to result in shifting as much stuff from one place to another in as short a time as possible, that's all. No matter what happened to it once it got there or in what order things meshed together once they did get there . . . just get them there, damn it! Well, after all I guess this is just the thing that would shock the hell out of the enemy or anybody else; to see all of this action out there on the beach with all kinds of things going on and into each other without any purpose apparent save confusion. Well, I guess if I were on the other end of some tube looking into this, I'd be shocked and numbed too. It would seem the action's not supposed to be directed against the enemy, it's just supposed to be generated among the elements of the invasion working against each other to throw as many sparks as possible in the hope that such a display would so shock the enemy that he couldn't bring himself to continue such an absurdity of engaging with us.

Christ, it was quiet. All the screaming was gone, all the dying, all the running and fury . . . like a storm had blown itself out or had gone somewhere else or was waiting to start again. If it was going

to start again you knew it must be up higher in the hills now like any tired animal crouching and sulking but regaining its strength and mostly waiting. It could wait for a long time, too. You bet it could.

"Abe, the dogs had 'im. I seen it run out that way through them trees. Out through them birch." And the bitch just standing there so white and saintly . . . they'd never let anybody know what they know because they know better, 'n you could run through them, run them down almost and brush by them hard like 'n they'd take it.

"There he is Jeb, arunnin' free again. Moses lookit 'im go, like Hell wuz on 'is heels. Damn if he ain't a smart critter though!"

The dogs would run after him kind of oscillating in time with him. Now close to him, now further behind . . . closing the gap a little, now opening it to gain a better perspective of the situation that had developed between them. What a scramble in the undergrowth they all made. They looked like they were alive for just this sort of thing. Nobody'd be any the wiser if they weren't because they ran their hearts out anyway.

Goddamned, just the other day I'd seen him when he climbed so slow up this rotting stump right up over the dogs who didn't seem to care for anything in the whole of creation. Like as if he was there and as if they knew for damn sure he was and they were saying, "Sure he's there. And we're here too. And we know we're supposed to chase him." But they didn't. I supposed they knew a lot of things, a lot of things we never gave them credit for. A lot of things we knew ourselves sometimes but never stopped or cared to think about. Like sometimes when you don't stop and ask yourself and say, "Well what am I doing anyway?", you find yourself playing the part opposite to what you'd rather be if only you took the time to know. The dogs were thinking that day.

Now the cat was the wildest thing I'd ever seen. This ain't only my own say-so but everybody's hereabouts. Kind of ghostly grey he was, and running in the swamps at night the way he did, there ain't a body around who wasn't scared some time or other by the screams soon followed, sphinx-like, by this old tom of a cat. Well, every folk along the swamp's edges get to see him on the prowl for food just outside the doors of home.

You couldn't say he walked. When he wasn't running like a bat from Hell he seemed to hover almost like he wasn't really there,

like he was some old moss stained lichen-grey and lifted on a breeze. He seemed like something from faraway, yet too, from so close a place that it was always overlooked.

He was the most aloof thing I'd ever known. It seemed a necessity of existence for him that he be this way. For him aloofness was certainly not a confounded friendliness for he was "other" and seemed fully aware of its implications; so aware that he would spurn the go-between, in-between relationships that we men call friendliness.

So I'd thought a lot about him, or not so much about him as myself through him. He challenged me because he represented a mystery that was of the most profound nature because its solution, my solution, lay within him. I put him in my terms although he probably never existed as I had thought he did.

We were out to get him now. Just why I don't know. We were out running the dogs. Snuffing brushpiles, the lead dog came up with such a yelp that we knew he could have crossed only one thing. God, how those dogs hated this animal. They acted with such a conviction at times that I was rue they have have felt reason in their desire to run the cat ragged. Hoooooeeoh, did he run! Those damn dogs were left choking in the dust, he scrambled out of that hole so fast.

"Git 'im, Rodge. Swing wide, Rodge, he's takin' to the riverbank. Lookit 'im rip through them alders. God, Flash, he's wild. He'll tear the double hell out of them dogs if they make it to 'im."

And run he did, like Nature's bastard. Oh, that son-of-a-bitch swang his hulk across those country hillsides like he'd made them and knew every rivulet these rivers feed upon, like he had scratched from his own hide each bit of dirt that made these mountains. And I was proud, I was as proud as hell; because I was here, because I was watching this and because I knew that it might end here but that it could never end everywhere at once, that it would go on, that it would grow again. Oh God, grow big, you martyred Daddy, I love you.

For that cat Hell was here, not that it wasn't always here, but that this day it meshed so completely that this engagement was sure to result in a protagonist's downfall in the true heroic tradition. Fated animal, victim to existence thereby victimized by death, played as sport by life against wavering backdrops of the flux called

reality, ran only because this was the part to play and not because he expected to end it to his own advantage.

A pre-determined killing. We are aware of the fallacies that stand as traps to us yet we persist in our roles only to fall into these traps. Life kills in separate ways, but death is the one pathway for a tired humanity and the living form which, sure and certain, means to hold us all alike. I'm not so sure we don't live by choice and too, by choice we die. We know a note of hope though as we bear our burden lightly; man is martyr to the fates and chooses total commitment when it's his choice to live.

We cross the bog. The cat moved faster here but he began to waver. We were wearing him down. He'd fall now and then. An old cat, he had neared his time to go at many places more than this, but the friction of his soul against the world had begun to slow him now and like a clock unwinding, he would be soon to stop.

Home comes the cat to die. Rocky-ledged embankments he skimmed across like skating ice and so swiftly and effortlessly and without noise did he glide across the landscape that he seemed a projected motion picture played upon a rutted earth. And he was this least of all. The world had begun its denial of him.

Up he'd climb now, kicking rocks loose and knocking them away. Into the cavern's mouth he ran and sitting there yellow-eyed he watched us follow. Watched us like he'd been there all day and knew we'd come. Like he'd been there waiting and like a greying aged friend was set to greet us and ask for what it was we'd come.

And I shot him and the shot went through him because I heard it richochet after it hit him. I knew it had touched him when I saw his chest jump in a little and when I heard him draw quick breath as though for that last second he was unsure of why he'd want to go. He sat still, and faced us, wide eyes dimmed to seeing, and had no expression on his face to leave us with because he'd said enough without having to make smile or look so sad as we do. Slowly he turned away and as rotten bananas might, rolled soft and slow down the graveled bank on the other side of the mound away from us as though departing any stage act where he had acted principally. We raced to the top and straining, watched him be moved slow-motion by his body's own weight as he pulled free those round rocks in gravel which ran after him. They never reached him before he rolled beneath the river's surface at the banking's edge, but as he

sunk away from our seeing, they stopped short of water without becoming wet, as though held back by an unseen silent hand whose wisdom it was to make ends final and not trail them out to where they said nothing.

Loose gravel tumbled now as we hard boot-kicked our way along the edge of a hill that stretched up into the dark but away from those points of light that they say accents the darkness. Skittering and chattering omens, rocks rolled away from us as we followed our mission of man kill man. Maybe this time with tables turned when we got to the top it would be waiting for us, crouching in wait for our death's turn.

To each side of us was jungle ready to digest us if we dared attempt to force our way through its insides. The path we were on seemed cleared to mark the way to some ordered meeting place. Being the only route, we had to follow it. We were mounting the hill on which we saw the light when we were on the water. There was no sign now of there being anyone here but us and with the mist pouring from the jungle like some other-worldly gas, we seemed as distant from any encounter with an earthly enemy as from the homes that spawned us.

We heard it now. A vague murmuring as though from a foreign tongue, taunted us.

"Quiet, there's someone whispering down there in that valley ahead of us. Do you hear it?"

"Yeh, I hear it but I can't tell what he's saying."

And still we followed, perhaps led by the enticing unity of the voice with the trail that seemed just made to please us.

We saw him now, sitting there with his rifle across his lap, staring slant-eyed into a darkness from which he'd never expect the enemy to come. He lifted the phone to speak but was never heard. Victimized by circumstance; minor because his loss would be but small gain to ourselves and small loss to those like him. Well, we squelched him, just like that we did . . . not a noise but silent creeping then rattling leaves as he lay garroted and twitching on the ground.

A swirling fog seemed to live here in this clearing; it seemed to grow from the earth and continue nurtured by it . . . a spirit that pervaded everything. It sucked at our boots and trousers now as though trying to claim us. I hoped it never would.

We expected to find him sooner than this; we expected to find him when we came ashore, we expected, him when we crossed that clearing, we expected him as we followed that pathway so clearly cut for us . . . so clearly cut that we wondered whether they might put it there for us hoping that we would run right down the barrels of their waiting guns. We walked a straight line up to and over the hill. The thin line we followed had led us directly to what was one unit of now dead enemy . . . like he had been set up for his own execution just like so many steers have been led unknowingly along fenced in causeways only to get the fatal hammer at the other end . . . like he didn't quite seem to know what it was all about.

And we ran from this and on and on to all the clearing connected with this clear-marked trail we found. And we always found him just as we found the first. Looking away from us but knowing we were there because he felt we had to be sooner or later. They would always try to call, but the way they never made it to the other end caused me to wonder whether they were really trying at all, as though they might have been yellow-fleshed zombies acting in roles of predestined making and acting as any dead thing would because it was just there, but not there with any conscious want to be so.

Lieutenant Carlyle, the gold-cropped boy with hair so fair and skin so bronzed you'd have thought Adonis had never departed that earth. Bright man, too, he was and high in his class at West Point, a true leader, too true perhaps and too good for it all. God, when he climbed the crest of that fated hill and stood there struck, eyes aglitter, you'd have thought he knew at last what all this time he'd sought to know. But then he screamed. And all the cats I'd ever known made less noise than he did. God, he cried just like a baby and he fell clutching his chest to writhe on the ground waiting so soft like it was made right there to hold him. I cried, too, and the sergeant who'd seen it all from all the way across Europe's backsides in the other one. We'd never seen a hero fall so cross with the world as he. So cross that it had denied him his right as every man's: to live our dreams unworn against a world too willing to wear them for us. And he screamed and swore like any man, our fair Lieutenant . . . and died too when came the proper time for it. Oh Jesus, I thought. Oh Jesus.

## SUN EATER, AS A HOUSE GUEST

James Neylon

He looks like Napoleon of the coat room
sulking in his braids because the ladies
of the court are all too tall to dance with.
He strokes his head among the floating pillows
while peacock walls turn like pages torn
from a book of Chinese Fairy Tales.
"Tennessee Williams did Scarlett O'Hara here
on this mustily pneumatic divan —
half naked seduction in the glooms."
which fatten on the silences he fathers
like a twenty-five pound Bumble Bee
and crashes into the Venetian blinds
whenever we appear to doze. We could leave
by the register grate if we went quietly,
one at a time. But the stuck horn
his voice drones on stitching the points in space
rattling the blinds until I can't
tell the bumble from the bee inside
from outdoors or you from me until
he isn't there at all, only his voice.
I think of the very last of the great
prehistoric beasts to roam the earth
whose needs outlived its brains, its smoky-eyed
presentiment of its own extinction,
and the caves chattering after rain
noises it must have made some cool Fall nights.

## UNDER THE BANYAN TREES

James Neylon

This endless shifting of the garden chairs,
Sadim, is tit for tat and there's for you!
Fifteen ways of looking at a pear —
glaze over glaze of pale, exotic fruit,
Banyan trees and a spread of middle years
too rural and too ripe to feel the teeth
of any poet worth his weight in words.
Some too fine passages cannot be heard
above the wind that rattles the dry leaves
the real wind that rattles the real dry leaves
before the snow the cold real snow comes down.

## THE POINT AT ISSUE FOR A BULLFROG

James Neylon

Orange sun-bomb nodded deep
in trees twilight knit together.
A bullhead climbed to the
surface of a pond, slurped
and tumbled down,
antennae-waved dismissal of the world,
shell-tarnished belly,
sending still sonar rings
over the water skin
to rock a bullfrog on his
lily-launching pad.
One thirsty guest,
hopping on hair legs,
lured him from the mud,
not the slow thunder
of a bomber.

# THE SALEM WITCH AS PROPER SPOOK TO INSOMNIACS AND LECHERS

James Neylon

Portentous as a corn-field crow
with orange moonlight on her cape
it's all for Hallowe'en to show
how different witches will take shape.

Arabian, she skirts the span
lute will allow, peripheral
to shell and wing-sweep of a fan
that rearranges as a gull

prescribes the lay-out of the skies
while there is light, or as the sea
conducts the shore amid gull cries
night comes to cowl so seemingly.

Sultra, essence of lagoons,
moon-lighter in bewitchery,
she changes pears to des legumes
and sleeps till batfall in a tree.

And woods are spooked whose brambled hair
wind clatters in a thatch of moons,
rattles the owl from her lair
and sweeps her into our bedrooms.

An owl in the fussy beds
of old insomniacs will walk
about and fill their buzzing heads
with owl-problems, owl-talk

then drag her feathered bones within
blue leaves before the silver dawn's
first symbol-crash of robin's din
has put the drum and bugle on.

## CANDLE SNUFFER

James Neylon

This light was bottled in from Zanzibar.
You don't articulate with your hair or eyes,
Pandora, where the off seasons carry on,
pluck up on evocative dulcimer's twang
a water blue of crocuses in snow
no winter fork is iron enough to burn.
Ahura Mazda, the old dust is the same
but distended in strange light, unchained
like an oviparous, idiot ogre some
volcanic freeze cracked out of hibernation
to sit between us on the cool, tile floor.
This was to be checkers, two close heads,
candle-blossoms rubbing the walls warm
in light exchange. So what if snow threw
white, disheveled dogs against the house,
dawn would lay the close together and still.
This third is some relative of yours,
congenital idiot, so give back my coat.
Your passing is a coup to calendars.
You bastardize the season's dire indifference.

ON BEING AWAKENED IN THE SMALL
HOURS OF AN OCTOBER MORNING
IN A FARMHOUSE SOME MILES NORTH
OF NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
AND FINDING THE CAUSE OF THE
DISTURBANCE TO BE A CHAINED
MONGREL DOG HOWLING AT THE
FULL MOON, WHICH, HAVING
RISEN IN A CLEAR SKY, WAS AT
PRECISELY THAT MOMENT BEING
OBSCURED BY A DARK CLOUD, BEING
ONE OF BUT THREE IN THE SKY
ON THAT PARTICULAR NIGHT

David Haracz

The end to see
Is man's accursed birthright:
The moon dies with howling dogs.

## AGNOSTIC LATE IN LENT

David Haracz

As senescent snows retreat,
*Weltschmerz* grows to monody:
Down hills in rills
Toward white waters
Each crystal dies in spring's tarantism,
Sweeping seaward the wreck and wrack of winter.
The stage is cleared for a resurrection.

But having lost Olympus,
Dare we kiss the proffered cross,
Lest in coming close we find
The Ghost a ghost?

## (Untitled)

David Haracz

The falling flakes
Drink dark silence,
Pursue a pulse of madness . . .
And of peace.
The thrust of life continues,
Choose we or no:
Time, caught in crystal,
Awaits the melting morn.

# MEMORIES

J. Augusta

Brubeck blows Take Five and all the pseudos dig;
He's dragged and Roland Kirk cuts him. . . .
A base player's nails scratch the base . . . sounds.
And some fag slides into Birdland wearing a bathing suit,
And all is ice.
Some hippy tells his broad that she's a bitch,
And feces flies on blasts of soft-spoken truths.
And the worth of the word is zero,
Compared to the power of the deed.
Miles blows his ass off, and the smoothies say
'I like him, he's so cool.' And so are they.
And God sits on his broomstick scoffing everything.
Some head says 'Man, I'm just trying to live.'
And He says 'You're doing it the wrong way baby,
You're crossing your legs like a snatch!'
And some Negro blows his sax while trying to climb a wall;
That doesn't make it. Neither does he.
So blow baby! Oh, you turn me on!
Don't you ever get off that stand!
You just keep blowing, and I'll keep floating,
And we'll do fine.
And in the back room men are shooting junk,
And I'm smoking my pipe; no smoke comes from me.
And we're all chasing away the times with Vodka and tea.
And no one's around to say no no.
Irv's floating so close to heaven that I want to kiss him.
Oh man, I think I'm going to smile!

Juice and tea, and dragons flying through the sky,
Lighting up my guts; And Basie blows.
I'm so far into my chair that I'm it.
And that bitch next to me wants to bawl.
Leg, Tea, Basie, Vodka; let me die now.
I'm flying so high that I'm never coming down.
Bombs explode in my brain, and fragments of pure
Brotherly love burst straight through my head.
And I see Irv; he's so high he's not in his seat.
He's my friend. And my eyes are blurring;
I just close them, and forget it. . . .

## RELATIONSHIP

Janet Whelan

Come spin with me
On my private carousel,
And when the ride is done,
Pay me one dandelion and
Get off.

# A MINOR KEY

Norman Trump

Some day we'll sing
a different tune,
and go our separate ways
in fading forgetfulness.

I'll stir my coffee
and watch the eddies
at the side of the cup,
while a jukebox moans
of forsaken love.

My ears will fail to hear
the music we left floating
on a foggy sea,
as lonely as blues
in a minor key.

## (Untitled)

Norman Trump

A freeze is coming
over mountains of birch
and leaves lie huddled,
pressing the earth
in open valleys.

The cold is stalking
summer's heat and sun
with raised bludgeons
of wind and snow,
moaning a death song.

A freeze is coming.
I know too well
those days of darkness
that scrape one raw
and salt the spirit.

## WINTER SIP

Carl Sharpe

Somewhere between
Bartender talk
Over an evening brandy,
And the flourish
Of a heavy door
That made old friends
Into windy whispers,
Autumn had turned
To winter.

While in one sip
The old man's fall
Passed to a young child's winter,
I could hear him
Wondering if his lips
Would taste next year,
While windowed children
Murmured maybe
School would close.

## (Untitled)

Carl Sharpe

*"My love is like the melody*
*That's sweetly play'd in tune."*
—BURNS

As the summer storm carelessly sprinkles
A gravel road that led somewhere once,
Moist spaniel eyes chant love
In the midst of child-like lyrics.
The gusty breeze that whips
In whirlwind frenzy at their feet
Suspend lost wisps of auburn hair
About the tears and drops that love's sky brings.

Oh! how two summer storms gather in rhythms
That only solitary lovers hear —
Singing children in the rain.

## CARELESS

Carl Sharpe

At the bottom
Of a waterfall,
A little river
Makes ten-thousand angels
That disappear
Downstream.

At the bottom
Of a waterfall,
A little boy
Sat alone and watched them
On a Sunday
Morning.

At the doorstep
Of a perfect home,
A tweed-suited man
Thought how careless the boy
For missing church
Again.

## HAIKU

Jane MacFate

Pure white pond lily
Floating on ripple
Stainèd
By yellow middle.

# DECLINE

Susan F. Tracy

A city grew once, high above eagles' height
on peaks of cloud,
and guarded by the sun.
(Though ignorant of their plight
The citizens might have liked wings.)

A city eyeless as a cloud;
no one saw the land that lay below.
A withered plain
Where scaling tracks of road
dead snakes, remained
beneath the winter grass.

But one at last looked out
and saw the eagles floating far below
and saw the ceasless cliffs of air
and saw the pale blue sky was all
that held the city there.

He saw in perfect fear
And that great pride of stone
that heap halfway to heaven,
shivered, trembled, called out in its sleep
once, before it fell.

# EASTER SUN

Elaine Ekstrom

Icicles crack. Aloof snowmen
keep solitary vigil, doomed
on now dappled snow-patched slopes,
sparkled and wind-shunned, wind-shivered
and March-sunned,
shuddering now under speckled rays,
crumbling now, hat falls to shoulders
shoulders melt to ground, sinking
toward rude death, taste the bitter dew;
And where are the stones that you vainly
called eyes?

The once proud carrot nose now spins
in false pools blackened with fickle snow,
gushes into loneliness of soul sliced
and screaming. A yellowed heart
now seeks comfort, nudges
dawn in gasping agony, explodes
the throbbing blankness of no star

And hurtles to meet bold sun.

## From CR*M* AND P*N*SHM*NT

Jim Cortese

Micaquartzikov, chief of the criminal investigation bureau of the Moscow police, sat smugly behind his battered old desk as Rumpolnivich entered the office. As Rumpolnivich had expected, the bureau chief was an impressive, but not particularly aesthetic figure. He was a man of about forty, short in height, extremely fat with great rolls of flesh visible through his shirt, long waves of curly black hair radiating haphazardly from his head which was rather peculiarly shaped like a kassaba melon. His nose was quite disconcerting, giving an onlooker the feeling that he was staring down the twin barrels of a shotgun. But below his nose hung the most magnificent of his facial equipment: a huge spoon-shaped upper lip that seemed to possess a mind of its own.

Rumpolnivich had assimilated his opponent's features within a fraction of a second, and now he stood ready. At first neither man said a word, neither moved, but rather they engaged in a vicious exchange of glances, each watching for the least twitch of facial muscle that might betray the secret thoughts of the other. Rumpolnivich felt confident; he would not be tricked. For days he had

prepared for this encounter, anticipating all the ploys and counter-ploys that Micaquartzikov could put forth, computing all the possible permutations and combinations of these, and then planning his own tactics accordingly. Rumpolnivich decided to take the offensive: with tempered bravado he carefully arched one-eighth of his left eyebrow in a quasi-gesture of contempt. A daring move. But success! A trace of bewilderment rippled across both of Micaquartzikov's cheeks, converging in a slight spasm of his fabulous upper labial. Following up the success of his initial attack, Rumpolnivich raised his eyebrow a bit higher and turned up one corner of his mouth — somewhat in the manner of a fishmonger in Leschinsky Square when he convinces old, enfeebled Mrs. Dubinsky to buy a rotten fish but does not realize that old, enfeebled Mrs. Dubinsky has already slipped several very fine fish into her shopping bag. The bureau chief frowned. "A sure sign of retreat," thought Rumpolnivich, and he began to move his lips into the position of a sardonic smile. But suddenly the unexpected happened. Micaquartzikov hideously curled his upper lip underneath his nose (at the same time vigorously vibrating his hairline) and then let the lip fall with a loud slapping sound against his glistening front teeth. This maneuver completely unsettled Rumpolnivich, and he immediately burst out into a fit of uncontrolled laughter.

"Damn," murmured Rumpolnivich when he had recovered his delicate emotional balance. "A battle, but not the war, is lost." Undaunted, he looked deep into the bureau chief's eyes and detected a tiny twinkle of cynical exultation. But it was a strange sort of twinkle, like that which one might find in the eye of a rat, dead from bubonic plague, or in the eye of a whale, immediately after it had mated. "How is the case coming?" Rumpolnivich stammered in an effort to relieve the unbearable tension.

"What case is this?" Micaquartzikov replied coolly.

Rumpolnivich knew at once that he had blundered. He had never before met the bureau chief, much less ever discussed the matter of the murder with him. "I am losing control," he thought. "I can no longer carry on rational thinking. It cannot be that he is outwitting me. Why, he isn't even worth my little finger. It is because my strength is sapped — my damned illness."

With a great effort of will, Rumpolnivich managed to respond calmly: "Ah . . . well . . . you know . . . the famous murder case that

has received such wide attention in the newspapers lately."

Micaquartzikov stared maliciously at him, slowly lowering one eyelid and dramatically extending an obese index finger (presumably utterly worthless compared to Rumpolnivich's). "Do you mean, Sir, do you mean that case, the one in which some inhuman beast of a man broke into the quarters of the moneylender, Petrovina Petrovna Petronovich, mercilessly beat her to death with a beefbone which she happened to be picking at that moment, strangled her helpless invalid sister with purse-strings, and successfully escaped with a strongbox of overdue I.O.U.'s? Is this the cruel and scandalous case to which you are referring, Mr. Rumpolnivich?

Rumpolnivich smiled. He knew that Micaquartzikov knew that he knew. But he also knew that, because the bureau chief knew, he would surmuse that he, Rumpolnivich, would try to pretend that he did not know that he knew. Following this line of reasoning, Rumpolnivich responded brilliantly: "Yes."

But once again, Micaquartzikov craftily changed tactics. "Tell me, Sir," he said, his very breath reeking with psychological significance. "Tell me, what do you think of Napoleon?" At the conclusion of this remark a strange and unexpected thing happened — an occurrence that struck Micaquartzikov so deeply that he fell limp into his chair, his upper lip quivering spasmodically. Rumpolnivich slowly raised his hand in the manner of a French military salute. And with glazed and sorrowful eyes and a pathetic tone of remorse in his voice, he began to sing, in ragged French, songs relating the glory of the great god, Napoleon.

*Openings are currently available for positions on the CÆSURA editorial board for 1965-1966. Those interested in working on CÆSURA'S prose, poetry, or art boards may pick up applications at the CÆSURA office, Franklin Room, Student Union.*

# CAESURA

COMMENCEMENT

1965

# CÆSURA

## COMMENCEMENT 1965

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

# CÆSURA

The Literary Magazine

Of The University Of Massachusetts

## THE STAFF


MAIDA HURWITZ, *Editor*

EDITORIAL BOARD

SUSAN TRACY, *Associate Editor*
DAVID AXELROD
JAMES CORTESE
MARCIA ELASOWICH
DAVID HARACZ
GEOFFREY KENSETH
JANE MACFATE, *Secretary*
JOAN SCHOPPE
LOIS SKOLNICK
NORMAN TRUMP

ART BOARD

BEA ST. LAURENT

TED WEINBERG, *Business Manager*
DAVID PORTER, *Faculty Advisor*
MARGARET DAMM, *Faculty Art Advisor*



CÆSURA is published three times a year by undergraduates of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, Massachusetts and is edited by undergraduate and graduate students.

Subscription for the year is one dollar and fifty cents. Address: Box 104, Recognized Student Organizations, Student Union, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts.

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT, NUMBER THREE

# 1965-1966

DAVID HARACZ, *Editor*

## EDITORIAL BOARD

JAMES CORTESE, *Associate Editor*
SUSAN ACKERMAN
PHILLIP BEDAW
DAVID BLAISDELL
GEOFFREY KENSETH
BURGESS NEEDLE
ANN NOBLE
HARRIET RAPHAEL, *Secretary*
JANET SULLIVAN
FRANK THOMAS
BEVERLY WISEGOLD

## ART BOARD

JANET JEGELEWICZ
BEA ST. LAURENT

PAUL RODMAN, *Business Manager*

ANDREW FETLER, *Faculty Advisor*

MARGARET DAMM, *Faculty Art Advisor*

# IN THIS ISSUE


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AS YOU LIKE IT | *Burgess Needle* | 7 |
| "DOWNWARD TO DARKNESS" | *Susan Tracy* | 19 |
| VOICES IN THE DARK | *Conni Kari* | 20 |
| ORNITHOLOGY | *Susan Tracy* | 25 |
| GENESIS | *John Childs* | 26 |
| ART — OPTICAL DESIGN | | 27 |
| STARS WE SCARCE HAVE SEEN | *David Haracz* | 37 |
| QUANTUM | *David Axelrod* | 38 |
| THE FEELING OF A TIMELESS STREAM | *Robert Ruplenas* | 39 |
| INDIGESTION IN 6/8 TIME | *Norman Trump* | 40 |
| THANKS FOR THE SUNSET | *David Haracz* | 46 |
| TOMORROW AND TOMORROW | *Jeanette Sachs* | 47 |
| NO PARADISE IN EDEN | *James Cortese* | 48 |
| FINAL SOLUTION | *James Cortese* | 49 |
| BENEATH THE SKIES THAT BLEED | *James Cortese* | 50 |
| SKETCHES | *Vaughn Sigouin* | 51 |
| THE ROOSTER | *Sidney Armour* | 52 |

# THE CHARACTER OF AMERICA 1965


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| THE WAY OF AN ANGEL | *Marcia Sutherland* | 55 |
| THE ENEMY | *Peter Hoyt* | 57 |
| PUTTING OUT CITY LIGHTS | *David Axelrod* | 60 |
| "AND THEY ALL CAME OUT THE SAME" | *Lynne Pierce* | 62 |



Cover design: Judy Leibowitz

CÆSURA wishes to acknowledge Miss Sandra Graham for her poem, "The Fort in March" (Spring Issue, 1965). Credit was erroneously given to Roland Laramee.

# AS YOU LIKE IT

Burgess Needle

I arrived on Cape Cod in late June, just before the blessing of the fleet. Fred Bannion, a friend of mine from work, drove in with me to the small cottage we had rented earlier in the year. We planned to spend most of our time in and around Provincetown, but the cottage was in the town of Truro, about eleven miles from the tip of the Cape. Cleaning the house and unpacking the car took the better part of the afternoon, and not until nine that evening were we ready to leave for a night of drinking and sightseeing.

At the time of our trip, Fred was in his late forties but looked five years younger. I was nineteen, had finished one year of college, and carried a false I.D. card in my wallet in order to get served. My parents had been fairly cool to the idea of my spending two weeks away from home with a man they had never met, but several phone conversations and a last minute meeting had reassured them to the point of wishing me a pleasant journey. Even my father had appeared on the scene with a ten dollar bill as a going away present. The trip into Truro had been uneventful. Fred drove while I dozed, anticipating the fourteen days of sun.

"Did you check the stove and the light in the bathroom?"

"Yes. Everything's all set, Fred. Let's go."

I finished knotting my tie and walked through the kitchen to the front door.

"Come on. We want to get in by last call."

Actually we had plenty of time, but I was excited and anxious to see the town. I wanted to smell it in the dark and become a part of something different. Fred had outlined a picture of Provincetown to me during the planning stages of the trip, and now I asked him to color in the gaps.

"What are the townspeople like?" I asked.

"They're mostly old families . . . descendants of Portuguese fishermen and sailors. Most of them are fairly easy to take, but small-townish. A lot of them don't go for the summer tourists, even though they live through the winter on what they can milk out of the visitors during July and August."

We entered the car and Fred gunned the engine. In a minute the porch light winked out behind us as we moved down the highway toward town.

"Do more people keep coming here each year?"

"Yeah. It's not what it used to be like. Two-bit novelty shops and gift joints make it a lot crummier. The beaches are still good, though, and the dunes are pretty much left alone."

"Do you think I'll have any trouble getting served?"

"Cut it out. I don't think they'll even ask you."

"Yeah, but what if I'm caught? That would ruin the whole vacation."

"Forget it. Most of the places have a phony atmosphere with nets on the walls and anchors hanging from the ceiling. They're all kept kind of dark, anyway. The queens like it."

"The what?"

"The gay boys. The swishy ones. They come in all decked out, cruising around for new blood."

"You mean queers?"

"I wouldn't use that word around here if I were you. If you're homosexual, then you're gay. The queens are the cute ones in drag . . . I mean dressed up very ivy league to look more like girls. I've been to a few parties around Hallowe'en time when they can

really dress up and some of them go all out."

I waited for Fred to continue, but as he seemed to have something on his mind I looked out the window and tried to read the signs as they flashed by. Every now and then the car would skid on the fine sand that drifted out from the dunes, and the headlights would catch a piece of scrubby woods. We were approaching the water and the smell of salt whipped into the car, making me feel light-headed and wide awake. We soon reached the outskirts of Provincetown. Tiny cottages appeared massed together and the flash of water behind their miniscule back yards reflected the ripple of moonlight.

"Here we are. We're on Commercial Street, heading toward the center."

He was right. Soon we were ensnarled in traffic that inched up the narrow one-way street past neon-lit shops and barrooms with smoky interiors — packed with laughing crowds. Fred gave a running commentary as we moved along.

"That large flood-lit building on the left is the Chrysler Museum, and further on that side is City Hall. They have park benches . . . you can see them now . . . right in front. When it's a hot night, townies sit there and watch the tourists walk by. I think the population quadruples or more in the summer. When you see the natives sitting in front of City Hall, it's as if *they* were the tourists, because all they ever do is stare."

We reached the municipal parking lot and drove in down to the water's edge. The lot was almost full.

"Where are we going first?" I asked, already out of the car.

"How about a pitcher of beer to start with?"

"Swell. Which place?"

"Mmmm, pitcher of beer is a buck and a half at The Fleet. Might be some people there I know."

We walked along the street, no sidewalks on the left hand side, up to the swinging sign that read — The Fleet: Beer—$1.50.

Inside it was dim and foggy with smoke.

"Show your I.D.!"

A cop had stopped me a few feet inside and I reached for my wallet. Fred was already well inside and looking around. There was one old lady at a far table chatting with three young men; other-

wise the bar was devoid of women.

"Okay, go on in," the cop motioned to the back.

While we searched for a place to sit I paused near the old lady and her male escorts. They were all leaning over their table in a huddle, laughing at private jokes and occasionally breaking out into short songs. I caught snatches of lyrics that they had improvised to popular tunes . . .

". . . and the boys all adored him
'cause they'd just like to floor him
the gay boy with blond hair and green eyes . . ."

The lady appeared to be enjoying herself a great deal as she joined them, humming in the background and keeping time by waving a feathered fan in the air.

"Who's she, Fred?"

"What? Oh, that's Melinda something. I don't know her last name. She always carries around three or four boys with her . . . pays for their drinks and kids them. There's a table. Come on."

I caught up with Fred and walked with him to a corner table. Most of the chairs were taken, and a few heads went up as we walked by. I saw a very young boy look straight up at us. He had long blond hair flung back, but carefully combed, and he smiled at me. I hurried after Fred. The thought that the two of us might be considered homosexuals by the original inhabitants of the bar made me feel uneasy. We sat down and a waiter walked over to us. He had silver kinky hair and a face that was too smooth and pampered. A small change purse, dangling from his belt, jingled when he bent over us. He kept both hands on his hips and spoke very softly.

"What are you girls having?"

I could feel myself blushing in the dark.

"A pitcher of beer," Fred said.

"Fine. I'll be right back."

The conversation going on around me seemed destined for an avant garde film. At the next table sat four men ranging in age from early twenties to middle thirties. One of them had a tiny gold band in his left ear and he pulled it while he talked.

"So I told Franklin, either he shacked up with me or he didn't. 'See if I care,' I told him. 'There are a lot of girls just waiting to take me in and' . . . oh Louis, I almost forgot I brought along that

earring you wanted."

I saw him fish around in his breast pocket and take out another gold band.

"Now lean over, dear, and let Randy make the tiniest hole in your ear (he had a pin in his hand and with a jab stuck it through the ear lobe of one of the men). There! That didn't hurt . . . did it? Now we put this piece of thread through and you keep pulling it back and forth until the blood congeals. Pretty soon you'll have a nice little spot to hang the earring on."

"Amateur night! Amateur night!"

A small group near the front was chanting.

"Amateur night! We want talent. We want talent."

A boy stood up and walked to the small stage.

"Be quiet, everyone," he said, "I'm about to perform."

He hopped up onto the stage and started singing.

"A kiss on the hand may be quite continental
but diamonds are a girl's best friend . . ."

All the while he moved in a comically sensuous dance that brougt the house down with laughter and applause. When he finished there were no other volunteers and someone put a coin in the juke box. A wild rock and roll song screamed out from its huge loudspeaker. Two boys on high stools facing one another started moving their shoulders and arms.

"They don't have a dance permit here," Fred said, "so the kids twist like that."

As the tempo of the music increased, so did the gyrations of the boys until the stools tilted dangerously back and forth. Fred's face broke into a smile as he saw someone he knew.

"Jaques . . . over here."

A tall thin man about Fred's age came over. He appeared melancholy, yet mildly satisfied with himself. I nodded to him and remembered there was a Shakespearean character with the same name. He winked back.

"So, Freddy, is this your latest?" he asked, motioning to me.

"No," Fred said, "he's straight. I'm just showing him around."

"Showing him off, more likely. What do you mean, straight? Honestly, Freddy. Don't you trust me?"

As the conversation flitted back and forth I realized my posi-

tion and how naïve I had been. I'd no idea that Fred was a homosexual. The vacation ahead loomed infinitely more complicated than I had imagined. I felt sick and my mouth had a bad taste. The thought of beer made me nauseated.

"How old are you, honey?" Jaques asked.

"Nineteen," I answered, without thinking.

"Oh, Freddy," he said, "you old cradle-robber you. How do you do it?"

"Listen . . ." Fred started to say, but his friend interrupted.

"Look, Fred dear, I know the score. Allow me a little bitchiness — I'm not jealous. I'll leave you two alone now before Bunny comes over and boxes my ears in. Bye now."

He left us, hips moving in exaggerated motions, and went across the floor toward a dark corner where his partner waited.

Fred looked at me, then took a long swallow of beer that our waiter had silently deposited on the table.

"Jaques is a funny guy."

"You said it, not me," I replied.

"No, I mean sometimes I get the feeling he's happy only when he's in the middle of a triangle or hung up with the law."

"That takes care of the parallel with his Elizabethan namesake," I muttered.

"What? What's the matter . . . you ticked off about something?"

"Oh no, Fred. It was *divine* of you to bring me out here. I just want you to know how *ecstatic* I am over these *lovely* surroundings."

"You must have guessed what was up," he said. "Come on, admit it."

I remained silent. The beer made me gag, but I finished another glass in four gulps.

"Remember when I was talking to you before? I asked you if you ever went out on dates or whether you went out much at all. 'No,' you told me. I've seen the way you've stared at some guys at work."

"Jesus, Fred . . . I . . ."

"Damn it! Stop trying to squirm out of something you don't know anything about. What are you so afraid of? Even if I'm not completely right . . . haven't you even thought about it?"

He was 'right' to an extent. Girls had always made me nervous in my adolescent years, but the initial shyness had long since been greatly overcome. I had the feeling that Fred was attempting to read into me his own insecurity.

He rambled on for a few minutes and I hunched over the beer that had become impossible to drink. Men started coming over to the table and introducing themselves. Fred knew a few of them vaguely from previous summers, and after awhile several of them pulled up chairs. I took out a cigarette and a match appeared lit in front of me.

"Allow me . . . Donald, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, inhaling, "thank you."

"What do you do in the winter? Are you with Freddy in Boston?"

"Yes, I work with Fred, but I live at home."

"Really! Well, anytime you feel like . . ."

"Excuse me," I said, standing up, "I have to go to the men's room."

Chairs were pushed back and they stood up as their own rules of etiquette were followed. The men's room was small and dirty with obscene drawings covering the space above the urinal. Most of the 'art work' involved scenes of sexual perversions, with the male physique heavily outlined and knotted with the muscles of Cretan bull leapers. After throwing some cold water on my face, I walked back to the table and caught the tail-end of a joke.

". . . so I said to the kid, 'I'm bisexual — I like men *and* boys.' "

There was general laughter as I sat down. Once again the questions started:

"How do you like working where you are?"

"You must meet an awful lot of nice people."

"Are you far from Beacon Hill? I live near there."

I could feel their eyes roam over me as they spoke. The words were blurred and the subtle and not so subtle innuendos became meaningless and dull. Fred leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You're the life of the party. I haven't seen some of these guys in years."

I imagine I was supposed to feel flattered by the compliments. Arms and elbows brushed my neck and back as if by accident. The

only thing to do was be still. I managed to maintain a moronic smile, but it kept slipping away when I thought of going back to the cottage with Fred. One of the men suddenly turned around and nudged his partner.

"Here come the happy honeymooners."

A middle-aged man in a loud sports jacket and a very young boy with hair swept back in a sleek flat-top came in. The cop stopped the boy at the door, but let him pass after looking at his wallet. I would have guessed him to be under seventeen. They walked over to our corner of the room and sat down, neither speaking to one another nor acknowledging the hellos that greeted their arrival. I craned my neck to see them better, but the waiter appeared and blocked my line of vision.

"How's every little thing, dolls?"

Everyone nodded happily.

"I'll have a Southern Comfort on the rocks," I said.

He leaned over and rested a forearm on my shoulder.

"My dear," he murmured, "that stuff is ever so potent. Why, one night I became positively looped on just four singles. Are you sure you don't want a mixer?"

Jesus! They were all looking at me.

"No, just ice will be fine," I said. ". . . and make it a double shot."

He looked at me reprimandingly.

"Now, now. No need to get your things in an uproar. I'm only trying to be helpful."

He scampered away and returned at once with my drink. Fred reached out and dropped a quarter into his hand.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Just a tip," he said, slightly annoyed. "Why?"

"Nothing," I mumbled and stared down into my drink.

"Are you sure he's used to drinking stuff that powerful? The poor dear is ill," the waiter said.

"For Christ's sakes!" I stood up. "Will you just leave me alone?"

Fred touched the waiter on the back and shrugged when he turned as if to say, 'I'll take care of this.' I swallowed the Southern Comfort rapidly. My head felt lighter almost at once, and I began

to sway. Someone else came in then; I could sense it by the babbling falling sharply in volume. I turned to see a tall, slim, brunette girl walk past the bar to our section.

"Here it comes," I heard someone say.

The girl reached the 'honeymooners' and stared talking to the short boy. The older man, annoyed, sucked heavily on his cigarette. The boy was smiling and the girl stroked his head.

"What's going on?" I asked.

Before anyone could answer, the man leaped up and slapped the brunette on the face.

"Get away from us, you bitch!" he screamed.

The boy was enraged.

"You bastard," he yelled, "leave her alone!"

"I will like hell," he said, and shoved the brunette away.

The boy ran at him and started pounding his chest with incredibly small fists.

"Keep it down!" the bartender hollered, but he was too late. The cop at the door barreled in and grabbed the man by the arm.

"Okay, buddy. Let's go cool off a little on the outside."

"No! No! She'll get her. I know she will. Let me stay. She wants her . . . she wants . . ."

He was dragged from the bar to the door, struggling all the time with the cop. The brunette and the boy sat down and started talking again.

"It's really too amusing," the man to my left said.

I looked at him puzzled.

"The thing is," he said, "that the short one, Bobbie, is a girl, not a boy."

"Not a boy . . .?" I said, perplexed, ". . . but what about . . .?"

"Here's the set-up. The guy married Bobbie a few months ago, not knowing she had . . . ah, lesbian tendencies. He's still *passionately* in love with her and she still has *some* feeling for him, but she can't leave other girls alone. The dark-haired one is her latest."

"Why does he put up with it? How come he didn't tell the cop they were married?"

"It wouldn't have made any difference to the cop. After all, the husband was the one creating the disturbance. Lately he's been losing his temper quite a bit. I wouldn't be surprised if he even

divorces her someday."

Everything calmed down and I ordered another drink. The talk flowed around who was going with whom and where they were living. I contributed little to the chatter and felt removed from what was going on around me. I was more than a little drunk when Fred decided it was time to leave.

"It's been a full day, Don. Maybe we should leave early and get some sleep."

I nodded and stood up. Everyone shook hands, and casual dates were made for the next day. Groggily I stretched my arms, then walked with Fred to the door. Traffic still streamed down Commercial Street as we strolled back to the car. It was warm and the alcohol had not yet dissipated into my blood stream. Nothing else was said until we were on our way back to the cottage.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Pretty good. Kind of dizzy."

He shook his head and stepped harder on the accelerator. The car responded with a burst of speed and I relaxed against the seat. After a few minutes I felt something move nearer my leg; then Fred's hand was on my knee.

"Do you feel very dizzy?"

"No, Fred. Cut it out!"

He did not answer but his hand remained, squeezing my knee every few minutes. He pulled up in front of the cottage and turned the motor off.

"Well?"

"Well, kid, I guess we go in."

What I had been worrying about for the past hour was going to happen. How should I act? How would he act? We walked separately into the house. Switching the lights on, he took his jacket off, while I poured myself a glass of water.

"How about a nightcap?"

"No thanks. I don't want to see your etchings either."

"Look at me." He said it softly, imploring. "Just sit down for awhile and talk. Okay?"

It was quiet in the kitchen and the sound of the dripping faucet echcoed in the room. Fred sat at the table leaning over, head resting on cupped palms. I tilted back in my chair and waited.

"It's not that bad," he said. "So I was wrong about you. I'm not positive. You acted more sure of yourself at The Fleet. I don't know. The way I feel now is . . . like . . . I wish you were my kid . . . I mean if I were straight, and married, I'd want a son like you."

The room was hot and I felt my pulse pounding in my head. Fred's attempt at a make, or whatever it was, made me uncomfortable.

"Your face is all red. You blush easily," he said. Then —

"Sure you won't have anything else to drink?"

I shook my head.

"You're in a great position. Most of the guys you've seen tonight liked you . . . probably enough to offer money."

"Oh? You mean like a male prostitute?"

"Yeah, I guess that's about it." He looked briefly at his lap.

We sat there for about ten minutes, Fred now staring at me and I staring at the wall in back of him.

"Your parents love you, don't they?"

"Sure. Why shouldn't they?"

I had a feeling he was searching for an opening, but so far all his gambits had failed.

"I don't know . . . just wondering. Hey, you haven't seen my new Polaroid."

"No. I didn't know you had one."

He stood up and walked into the bedroom, returning quickly with the camera ready for operation.

"Okay . . . here we go. Look at me and smile . . . that a boy."

"How long will it take?"

"It's one of the new types, ten seconds and bingo — a picture. Let's see . . . uh . . . there it is."

He held up a clear picture of me standing in front of the refrigerator with a 'cheese' smile on my face.

"Not a bad picture, Fred."

He stared at me as if waiting for a reaction. I started to look back at the picture, then noticed he was standing.

"Hey, what are you putting your jacket on for?"

"I think I'll go back into town," he said. There's still half an hour or so to go before last call. I'd like to get some pictures of the boys at The Fleet."

"That's crazy. You can go in any . . ."

And that's when we both knew an agreement had been reached.

He looked like Jaques then, when he smiled, and I began to understand the terribly thin façade of the 'gay' life.

He walked outside and I watched the car pull away from the front of the cottage.

I did not see much of Fred after that. We shared the cottage and I only saw him early in the morning when I left for the beach or occasionally, late at night, when I went briefly into a few bars. I spent most of my time on the beaches of Truro and Race Point, and after a week or so my skin became a dark brown. One afternoon I visited the Chrysler Museum. There was a girl standing in front of an exhibit of sea shells when I first entered, and she was still there when I walked back to the entrance. It turned out she was waiting for a boy friend. I spoke with her for a few minutes and eventually convinced her that she was being stood up. We went out to a show that evening and afterwards I drove her out to the cottage. Fred stayed away that night. He had been using Jaques' car and I had a feeling he was staying over with him. While seducing the girl that evening I thought to myself of all the tangled relationships I had passed through and the line of morality that stretched between acceptable and unacceptable sex play.

The following day the girl moved in with us. Fred did not say anything, but that night as I lay in bed curled against the friendly contours of femininity, I thought I heard a new voice coming from the other bedroom. It was Jaques'.

Later I told all this to my brother, but he refused to believe any of it. I never saw the girl after Provincetown, and when I returned home everyone said I looked like a new man.

# DOWNWARD TO DARKNESS

Susan Tracy

The grey wave of branches covers
the hills here, envelopes the town.
And lost behind are the chalk-marked
precise divisions of years
into events. Magnolias, for instance:
each spring the magnificent petals —
their sweet smell filled that stony yard.

Children's faces bloom at intervals,
ephemeral as bluets, in my mind,
though they grew through many summers.
Now, under the branches,
are eyes, outlined in black,
and neither dark nor loving.

The youngest child was playing
on cemetery grass. All the willows
pushed back their long blond hair
to watch him. They were more astonished
by one child, than by spring!

Still the grey branches cover him,
slow waves, a whole sea of time.

# VOICES IN THE DARK: A ONE-ACT DIALOGUE

Conni Kari

**Cast of Characters**

Manuel Azaña: President of the Spanish Republic, 1936-1939, died, 1940.

Francisco Franco: Leader of a successful fascist revolt against the Spanish Republic. Dictator from 1939 on.

A large barren room containing only two straight-backed chairs, and a duplicate of Picasso's "Guernica", a painting done as a protest against the extreme cruelty which was prevalent in the Revolution. There is a window to the right of the print. It is dark through the window. Azaña sits in the chair on the right, feet together and hands folded in his lap. Momentarily Franco enters from the left, looking over his shoulder. Agonized screams and artillery can be heard in the background. The time is the future.

Azaña: Welcome home. I have been expecting you.

Franco: (looking around) Where am I? This isn't my home!

A: It is now. Won't you be seated? (indicates other chair) I've been waiting so very long.

F: (impatiently) I don't *want* to be seated! I want to know where I am and what's going on here! What's all that screamings? I'm leaving!

A: Unfortunately you cannot leave. There are no doors leading out, only in. I looked long ago. The screaming is the men in the picture. (F. seems to notice the picture for the first time) They never stop. You will become accustomed to it as I have and never hear them. It is as it was in life; you never heard them there!

F: In life!! Where am I? What do you mean "in life"? Why don't they stop that screaming? I shall go mad!

A: The screaming will not cease. You must learn not to listen. As to where you are — I suppose you must learn sooner or later. As precisely 5:37 yesterday afternoon you died, Señor Franco. You are now in Hell.

F: Impossible! I'm not dead! Look! I have a body! (he pinched his arm) I'm not in Hell! I supported the Church! This is too mad!! I fell asleep and when I woke up I was brought here . . . (his voice trails off).

A: You will adjust. It took me a long time, but then, I was here alone. I have had much time to think, here . . . waiting for you.

F: Who *are* you? You're familiar! Are you Satan?

A: (laughingly) No. No. I'm not Satan. Don't you remember me? Azaña? I relaize it's been a long time.

F: Azaña! What are we doing here . . . together?

A: I would imagine that it's part of our punishment, although I'm not sure. We must wait and see. This is one of the things I considered as I waited.

F: The picture that screams. (looks at is again) Is that also part of the punishment? I really don't understand modern art.

A: Don't you recognize it? It is called "Guernica" by Pablo Picasso. It portrays the suffering of the Civil War . . . suffering you caused, Mr. Franco.

F: It's totally unfamiliar!! (he turns angrily away from the painting) That damned screaming has got to stop!! (puts his hands over his ears).

A: Calm yourself! You will never adjust if you become hysterical. Perhaps together we can figure out why we're here and how we might escape. There's a window here. (indicates window) But it seems that we're so high up. (walks over to the window and gazes out). I can't really tell because it's so dark. It's always dark like this . . . always night.

F: Is there really a chance that we might escape? I don't think that we belong here . . .

A: (glancing at the picture) Perhaps . . . just perhaps . . . not hearing *them* was the evil. If we had just done something — some-

thing to avoid all that. Lord knows, I tried.

F: It was unavoidable I tell you!! People must die when fighting for a cause. There's no help for it. The result was right for Spain.

A: Right for Spain. Right for Spain! How can such atrocities be right for any country? When does suffering become just?

F: It is just, for we must think of Spain — Spain in the general sense. She had to catch up with the rest of Europe. The overall effect was worth the suffering. If you're so right then what are you doing in Hell?

A: That, too, is a problem I have been confronting since I arrived. I really don't know.

F: I'll tell you what you're doing here! You, you were wrong! You fought for a wrong cause: the Republic was wrong, but all you could think of was preserving it! Spain's history rested in her monarchy, and that is where it belongs!

A: I notice that you did not restore the monarchy during your life. I notice that no provision was made for its restoration until your death. You, Franco, were power-hungry! You wanted to maintain power as long as you lived! You cared nothing for what you *claim* was right for Spain! All you wanted was to remain as dictator! Your *own* ends, not those of Spain!

F: The times required it. In an emergency a country needs a dictator to set it in motion again. Spain has been far behind the rest of Europe and needed to catch up.

A: Then why did you advocate such an outmoded vehicle as monarchy? To be part of the twentieth century Spain needs a Republic! Written laws! Voting!

F: There are and will be written laws. Of course we had written laws!

A: Yes, but the people!! The people had nothing to say!

F: The people are dolts!! They are not capable!

A: They need education, that's all. They must be allowed to speak in the government. They must be educated.

F: That will come in time. Presently it is not possible. The ends justify the means in cases such as this.

A: They do not!! If you do not start, then you will never reach the goal of a people who are educated — who are capable of self-

government. They *must* be educated!

F: There is time. Under dictatorship and monarchy education is not necessary nor is self-rule. Education will come — useful education that will help Spain materially. The people will learn to hold positions useful to society and the country! *That* is the education they need.

A: They need more. They need to end their suffering. They need to be allowed to progress.

F: They *are* progressing!!

A: In the wrong directions!! If only I had or could have prevented the overthrow of the Republic!! I know it could have worked.

F: The people did not accept it. They could not. Change was inevitable. Spain had to change!!

A: The suffering! The suffering of the people. Surely that was not the change Spain needed! At least not the way that change needed to come! You wouldn't know what Spain needed! You killed; you caused suffering! (violently) The screaming!!! It's your fault!!

(The screams and artillery heighten to almost a roar)

F: (shouting above the noise) My fault!! My fault!! You're here too! Had you behaved differently as leader Spain would not have been forced into civil war! President Azaña — benevolent leader, hero! (scornfully) What *is* our great leader doing here?

(Suddenly the screams die down and are heard only in the background)

A: Listen! They're falling off again!! (panicking) What is the end of this? Is there to be nothing more than screams and agony to being dead? No. No. I must remain calm. It's just so hard— so hard to hear nothing but screams, be aware of nothing but violence. Look at us! Here we are angry with each other, hating each other! (passionately) We *need* each other to get out of this!

F: *Can* we get out?

A: I don't know! I can think of nothing but those screams. Hear that? They're louder again! (The screams gradually rise in volume. The two listen silently for a few moments until the screams lower again.)

A: (reflectively) I wonder what it seemed like to *them*? (indicates

the men in the picture)

F. Maybe they were glad to die. (sarcastically) That probably ended *their* screams. *They're* probably in some nice quiet room. Are you sure we're dead? This isn't a nightmare?

A: Quite sure!

F: (indicates men in picture) At least they could look forward to dying. For us it's nothing but misery.

A: We should have done something . . .

F: Misery and suffering.

A: If only we had thought of this while we were alive.

F: If only this would end!

A: Maybe if we had thought about the people more; maybe if we had sought to alleviate their pain as individuals. Oh, yes, suffering is permissible if there is gain in the end, I know. Who cares about the individual man? The collective man and *his* gain is what counts!!

F: What *are* you talking about?

A: Suffering.

F: So was I.

A: You were speaking of your suffering. I was speaking of the suffering of others — the need for concern for the suffering of others.

F: What good is that? All we need is to get out of this contemptible room!! What good does it do to worry about them?

(The noise rises to a high roar and then subsides)

A: Perhaps it would bring peace.

THE END

# ORNITHOLOGY

Susan Tracy

Eleven birds with red wings in a ruby tree
pecking at fruit with neatly made bills,
holding the twigs with sharp curved feet,

twelve birds with grey helmet crests
and stripes on their wings, very neat,
flying like dancers for me;

ten birds that came close, still
chattering in their contralto tones,
opening wings: and at last

God knows how many birds
all eating red berries,
greedy as birds in the branches
of the grey mountain-ash tree.

# GENESIS

John Childs

"Sing," said the earth
and the volcano belched forth
a flaming tune
the notes of which
scorched the land
and steamed the sea.

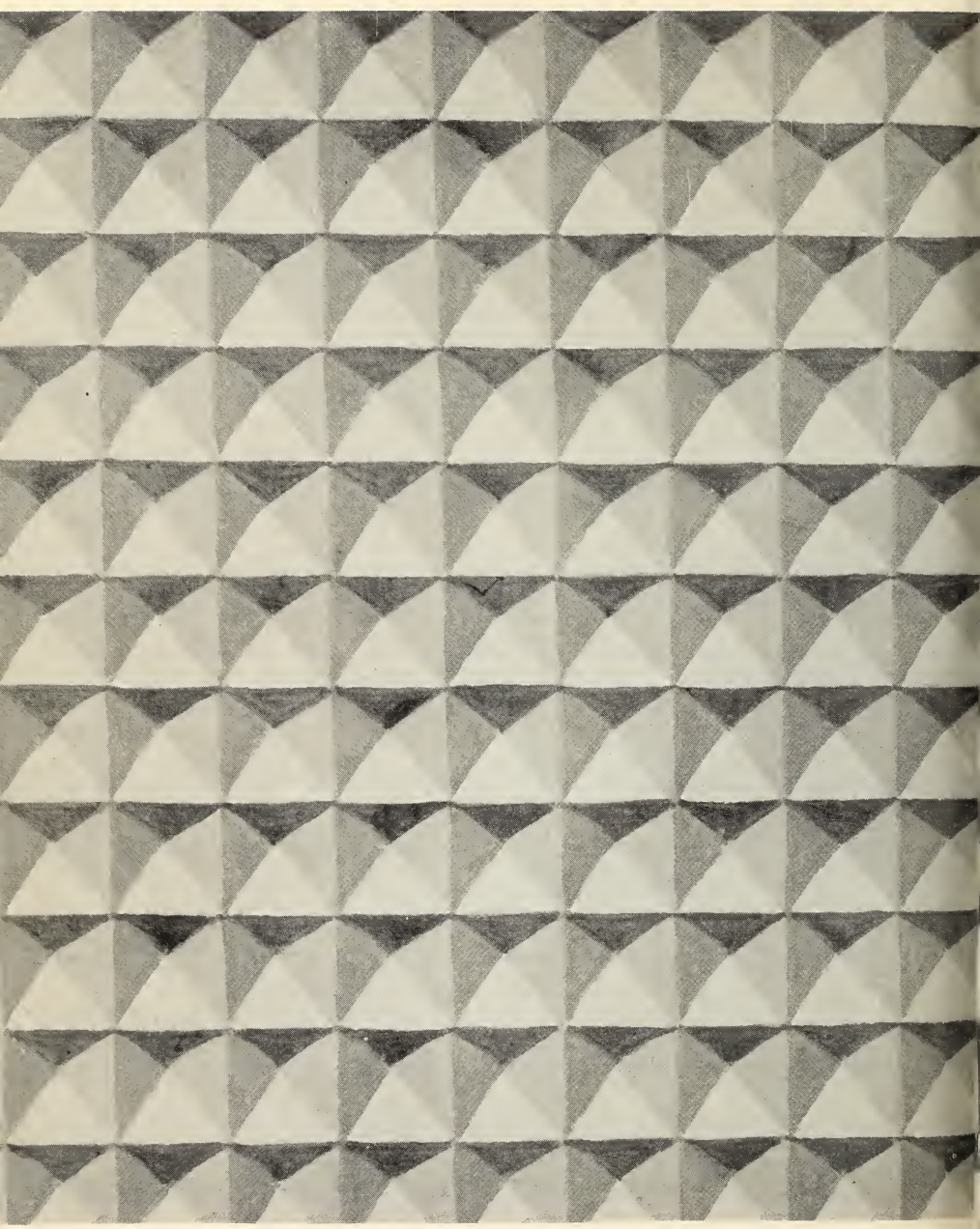
"Sing," said the ocean
and gushed forth a tidal tune
massive liquid chant
the notes of which
drowned the land
and muddied up mountain peaks.

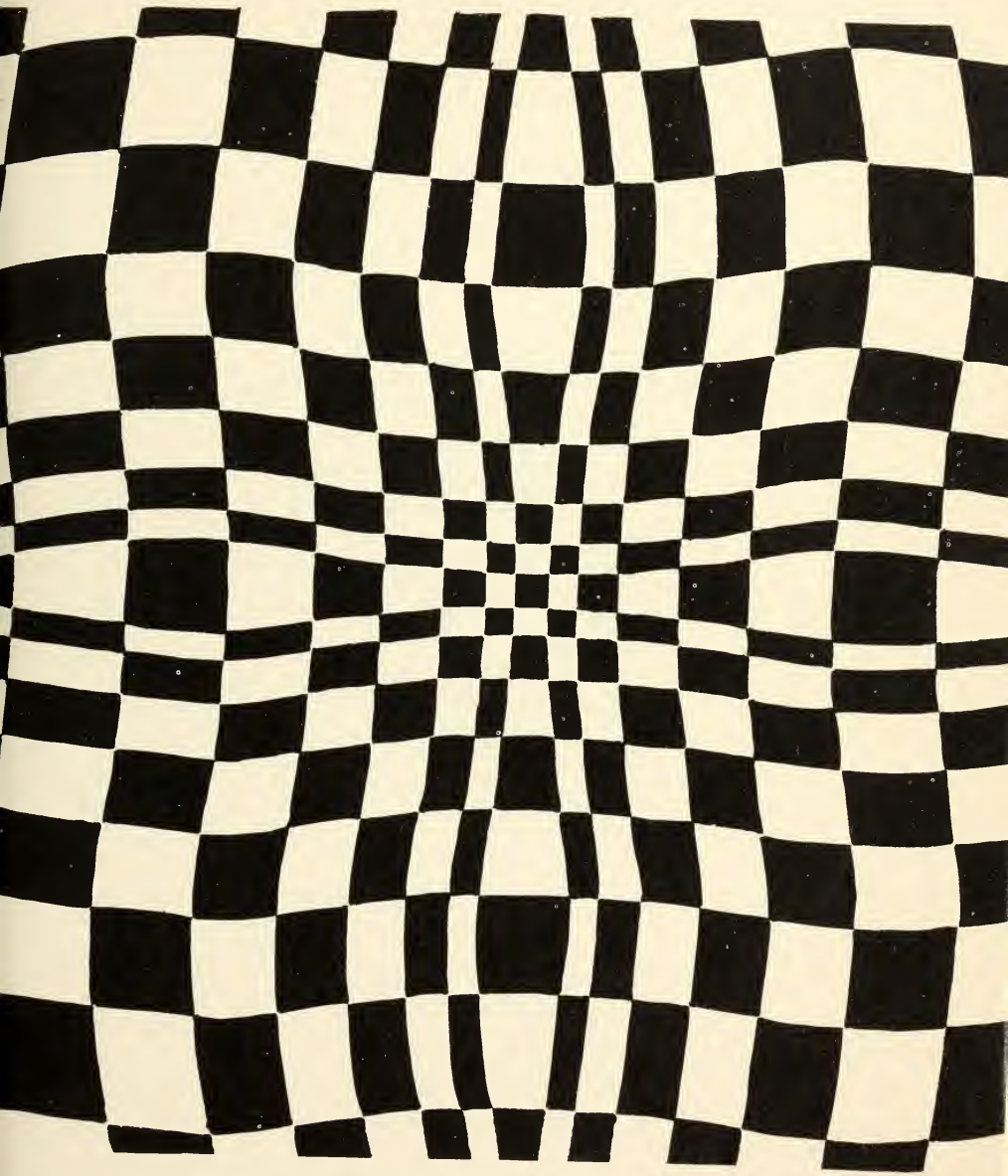
"Sing," said the gene
and the pin-prick of life
whispered a melody
the notes of which
grew into a symphony
filling those places
once scorched
and drowned.

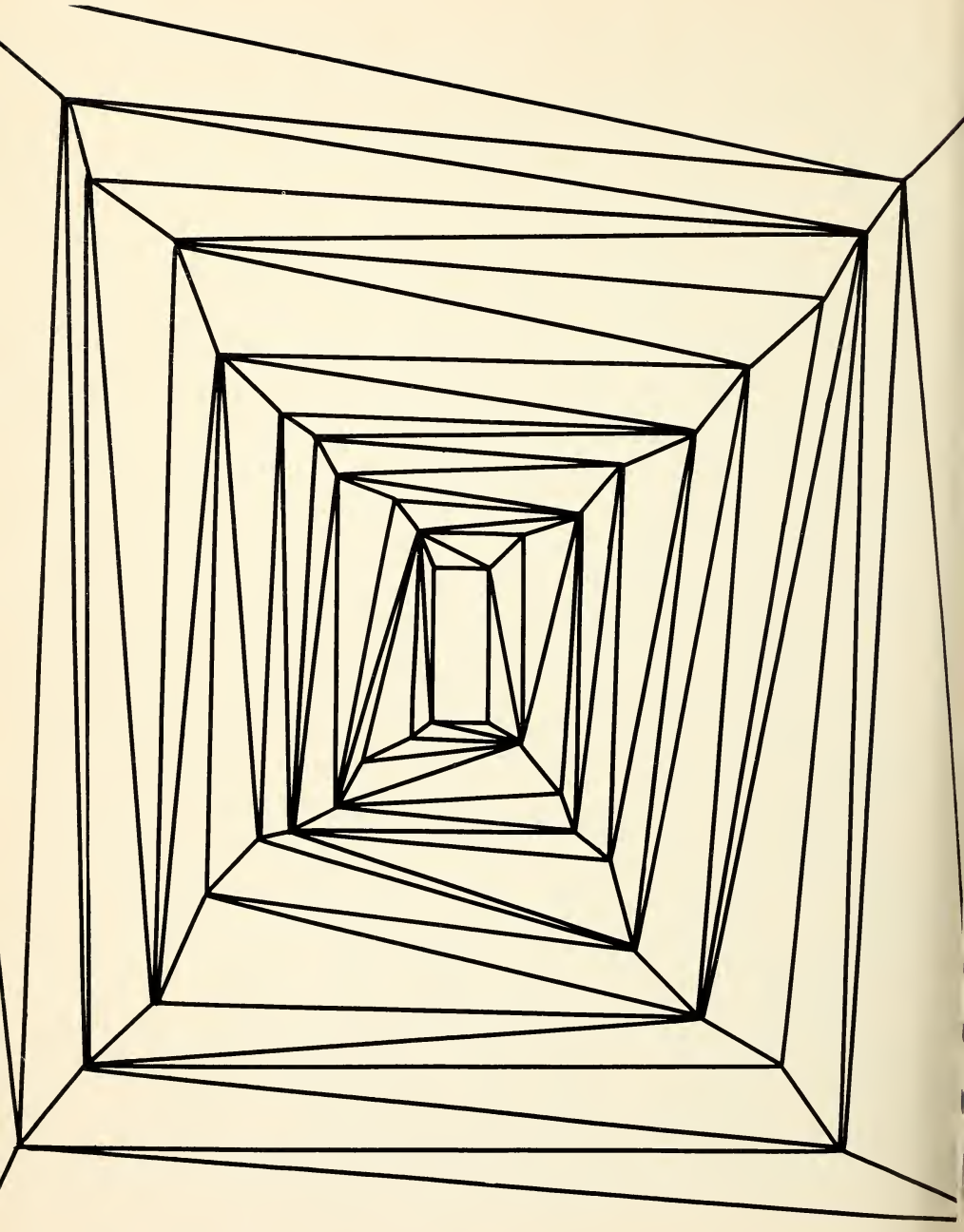
# OPTICAL DESIGN

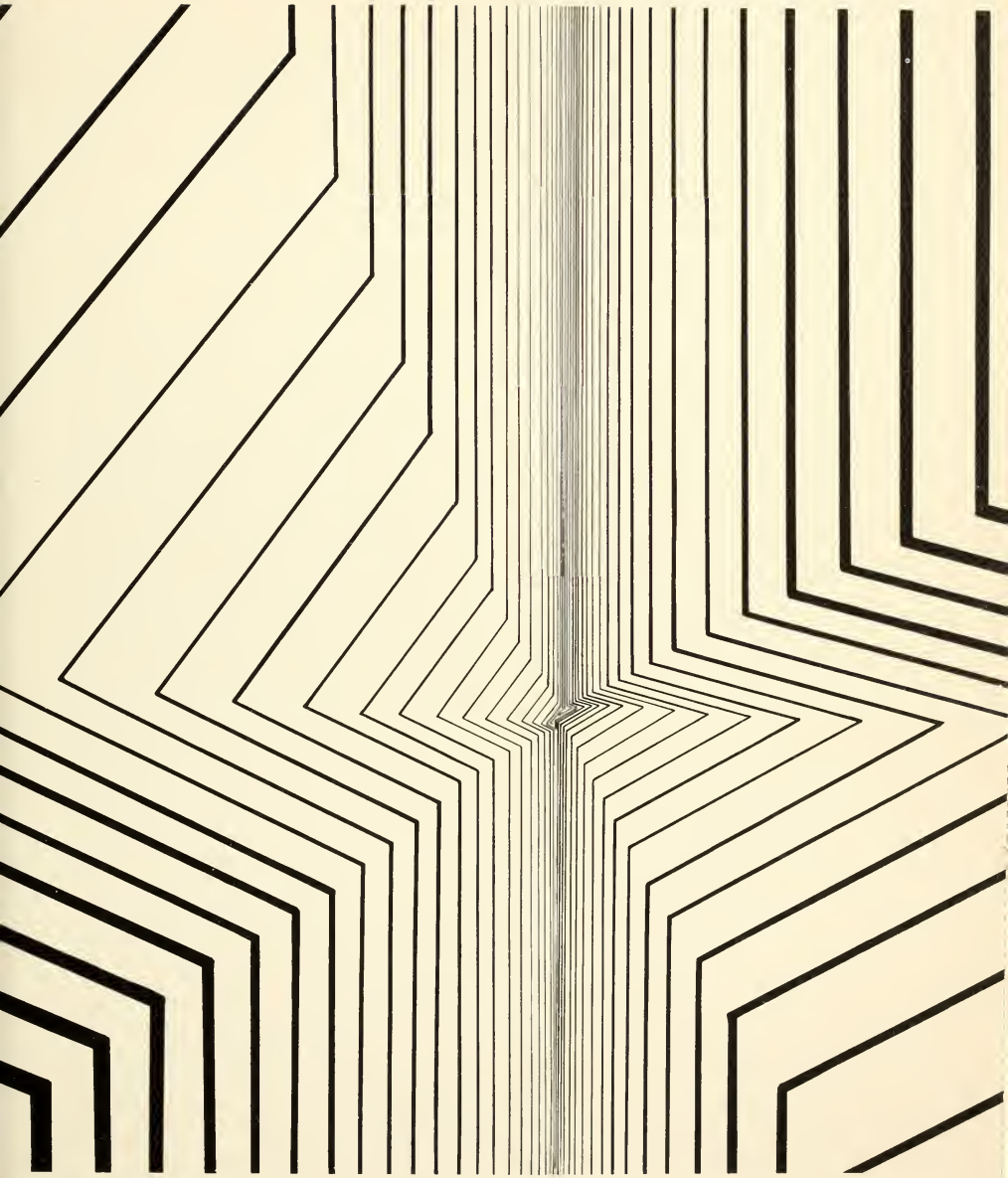
# OPTICAL DESIGN

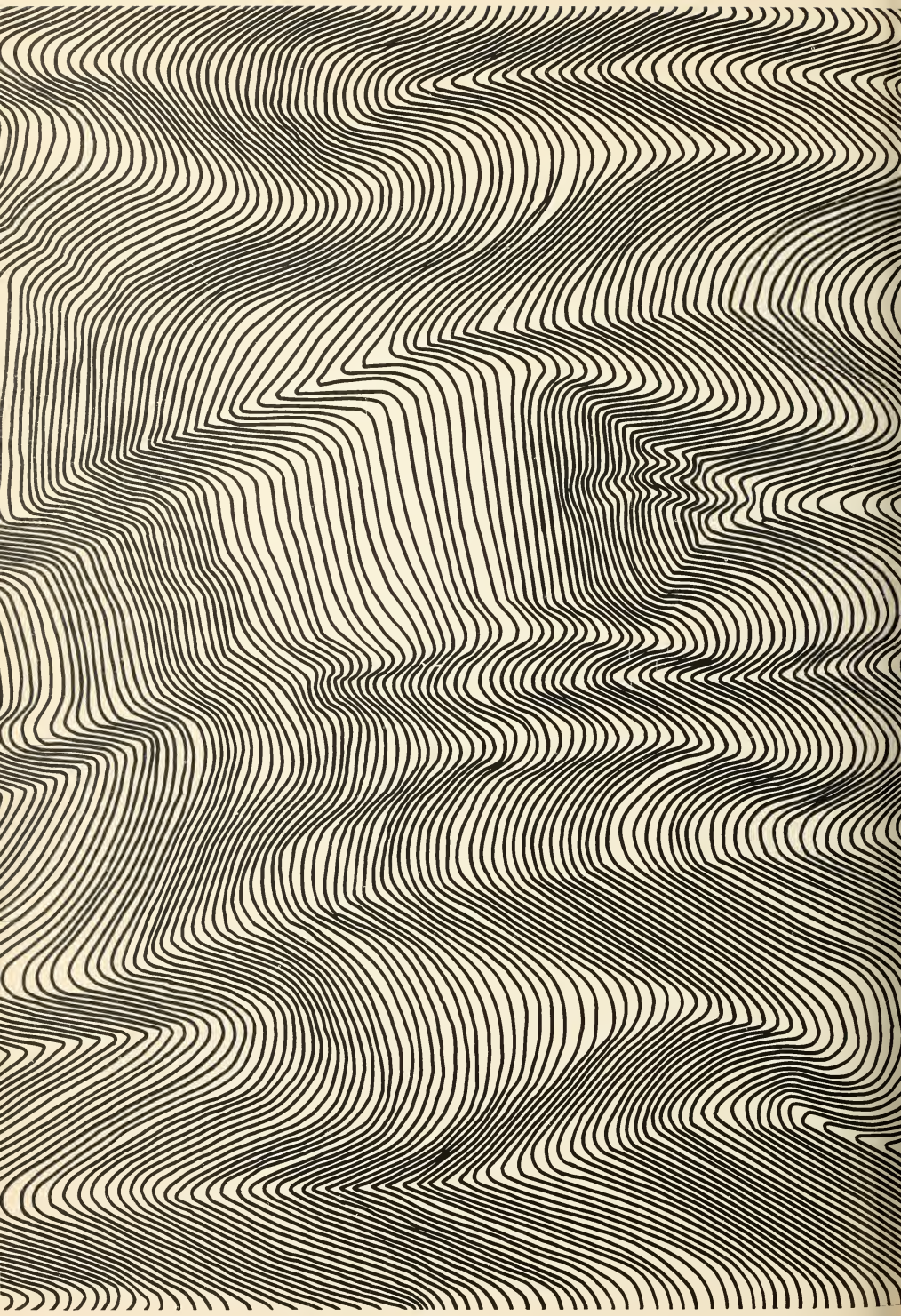
1. David Daisy
2. Honora K. Garneau
3. John Burnham
4. John Burnham
5. John Burnham
6. David Clarke
7. Phyllis Spatz

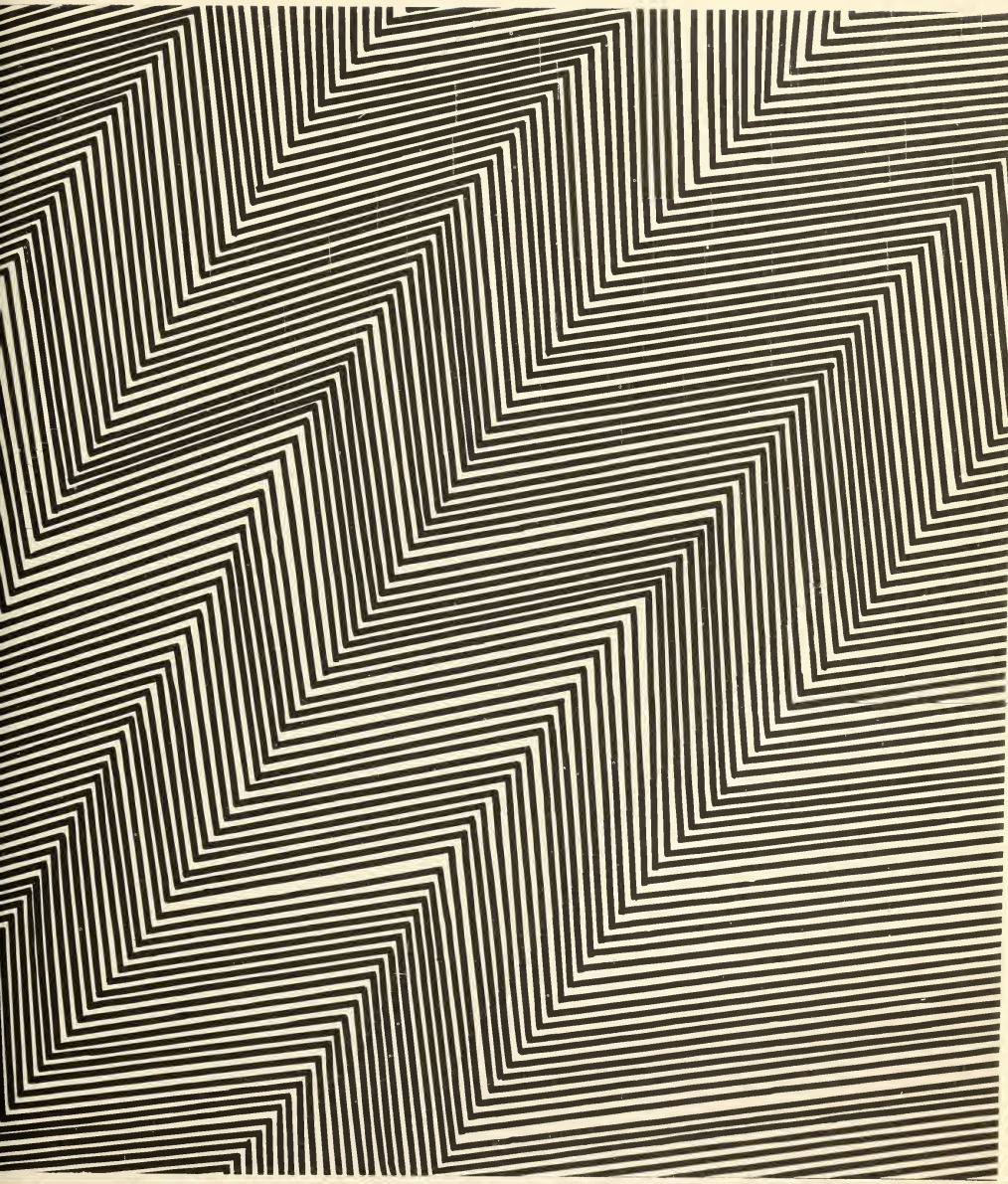


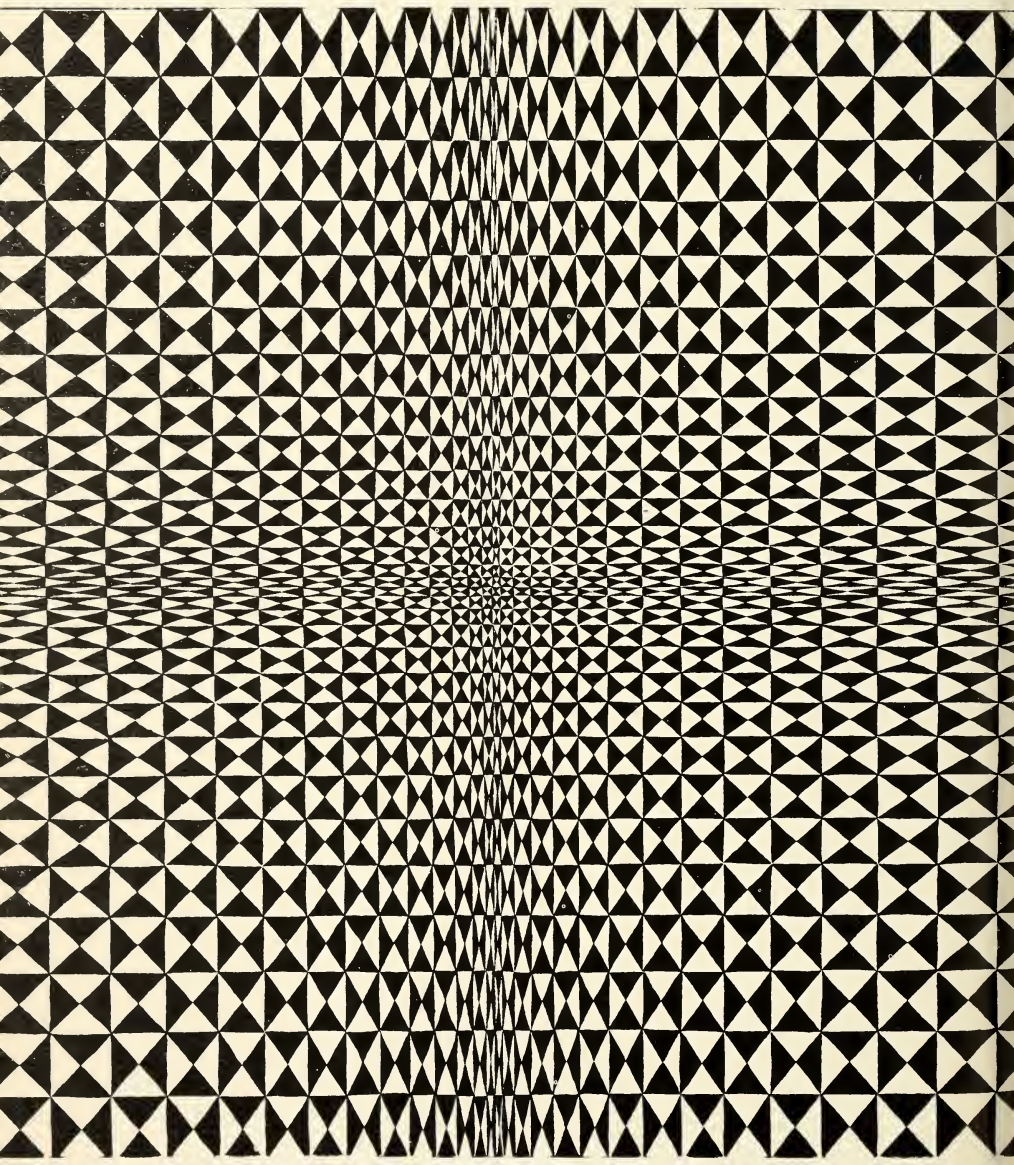












# STARS WE SCARCE HAVE SEEN

David Haracz

> Past — That part of Eternity with some small fraction of which we have a slight and regrettable acquaintance. A moving line called the Present parts it from an imaginary period known as the Future.
>
> AMBROSE BIERCE, *The Devil's Dictionary*

The stars we scarce have seen were there;
Leaves, mud, frost,
The thousand things that make a wood
A niche in life crouched green
Between tomorrow and today.

No doubt I was not the first;
The logs about, though under moss, were man's,
Man measured cordwise, piled,
But left to tumble once again,
And so ease back to Earth.

I still remember:
Leaves curled before a storm,
In fog, snow, straited sun—
I recall it wet, parched, cold, torrid:
I have turned, whirled, fallen on its mosses,
Seen the trees blot and fill the summer sky—
But this, all this, this and more, are past.

# QUANTUM

David Axelrod

Light, as it reflects, makes a sound
that comforts one, alone in a dim-lit room
on a dirty couch, in a cold flat, forgotten.
Light from the 40-watt bulb
frying the dusty cardboard shade tipped too close,
bouncing off a cracked wall or shot hopelessly
into the void outside the window, has
a sound all its own, that is a certain comfort:
like the clock-ticked heartbeat comforting a dog,
lulling the person seated on a broken couch,
who dares not go out.

It is a dry sound, but not unlike snow
sneaking into corners where doors were not shut tightly.
It is the sound of a cat tongue against a cat, napping;
or cotton candy spun to be caught on cones and noses.

But it is not quite a happy sound, though a comfort still;
not the rumble of the blood, the tightening tendons,
the sounds within oneself, but light, reflecting,
to a person, alone, is like the sound of the valve closing
to complete the heart at birth, though
he alone can hear it, without a world outside.

# THE FEELING OF A TIMELESS STREAM

Robert Ruplenas

The timeless clock stands silver outlined
on the black night-silent sky,
while ringed about stand winter elms
gathering lightning strength to strike.
Slowly turns the heavenly wheel,
tracing icy circles of the stars.
Slowly turns the wheel of earth,
bringing life and death in infinite succession,
seasons in endless repetition.
Slowly turn on silent gears the awful, massive arms;
black, insistent, inexorable,
while chime in somber chords:
"Time. Time Time.
O look up through trees' thin skeleton arms
at the depth of ocean skies
and know there is too little.
Close your eyes, and stare,
stare into the soul-deep pit,
look down the infinite corridor
and know there is too much of it,
too painfully much to bear."
The clock tower, faced with fearsome hands,
unmovable, timeless stands.
Above the spire and its silent gears,
and the rolling of the earth-wheel's years,
behind the circling canopy of night,
a formless something, infinite, enfolds,
in timeless force, the stones of the clock tower.
I stand below and hear, detached and distant,
the tolling of the hour.
I am alone.
A winter wind chills through me to the bone.

# INDIGESTION IN 6/8 TIME

Norman Trump

"It's a fine house," thought Chadwick as he entered the fraternity. And to think his roommate had told him he would never have a chance here. He'd pledged the day before, and already the place felt like home. If only his mother would let him stay in and not talk so much about not doing things that kept him from getting 'A's. He always did what she said, though. The longer he could postpone writing her, the better.

"How's it go, Chad?"

Chadwick turned and saw the pledgemaster. "Very well, thanks," he said. He liked the pledgemaster. He'd like to be like him when he became a senior.

"Going down for some lunch? There should be some ravioli left in a pot on the stove. Better get here on time from now on — everybody else eats like a pig."

"Oh, I won't always be this late. I had to see the dean about my courses."

Chadwick went down the steps to the dining area, which doubled as a study or party room, depending on the time. No one else was there. He took some ravioli from the pot, got a glass of milk from the machine and walked over to a table at the far end of the room. Soon he was lost in daydreams of the future time when he would be head of the house and pledgemaster, all in one.

Two boys appeared in the doorway at the other end of the room. At first glance, they almost seemed like twins, with their football player builds, crew cuts and gray athletic department tee shirts. Paterson, the taller of the two, nodded toward Chadwick's back and whispered to Sloan. After several minutes they went into the kitchen. They came out with plates, bread and a pitcher of milk, and headed toward Chadwick.

"Chadwick, you turd. How's our favorite pledge?" said Paterson.

"Huh?" It took Chadwick a moment to unwind from his flight of fancy.

"Huh, *sir,* is what you say, pledge," shouted Sloan, plopping down next to the dazed Chadwick.

Paterson sat across from them and shook his head. "You got a lot to learn, pledge."

Sloan draped his arm over Chadwick's shoulder and whispered in a mock confidential tone, "Now Chadwick, I'm surprised at you. Your pledge pin's on crooked. Give me 25 pushups on the floor."

"Twenty-five pushups?" croaked Chadwick. He had an Adam's apple that shinnied up inside his throat when he became nervous. The baffling command had been more than enough to get it going.

"Are you deaf?" asked Paterson. "Take 25 — *now!*"

Chadwick hit his head on Sloan's chair as he scrambled to get to the floor. After ten pushups, his spindly arms began to crackle. After twenty, he was gasping and his face looked like a candied apple. When he was through and has taken his seat again, there was silence in the room. Chadwick sat erect in his chair, trying unsuccessfully not to breathe deeply. He glanced at Paterson, who was staring at the pledge pin intently.

"It's still not fixed, Chadwick. Take another 25."

"But I haven't had time," he complained.

Sloan stuck his fork under Chadwick's nose. "You *jump* when

a brother tells you to do something, pledge. *Jump!*"

The pushups went as before, except for even more wheezing and creaking. This time when he finished, Chadwick knelt on the floor and adjusted his pin. He didn't notice that it hadn't been crooked in the first placed. He stifled a sudden urge to belch. Instead, he pretended to cough, hoping to let the burp slip out that way. A constipated walrus couldn't have sounded worse. Sloan dropped his fork on his pants. Paterson, who had been chewing on some ravioli and looking at Chadwick, seemed slightly nauseated.

"Sit down and eat your lunch, slob," said Sloan.

Chadwick sat down, but instead of eating, he merely shifted the white squares around on his plate. His stomach was acting up.

Paterson was the first to speak. "Play any sports, Chad?"

"Sports? No, I'm not too good at them."

"Gonna join any clubs on campus?" asked Sloan.

"I like to read, but there's no club for that here. I might work in the library, though."

"Say, that's hot stuff," said Paterson, smiling at Sloan. "Great finger exercise, handling all those books."

"Well, I . . . ."

Chadwick never finished. Sloan had reached in front of him to get the pitcher of milk. Chadwick felt a bump and looked down to see his elbow mashed in the plate of ravioli.

"Hey! Be careful," shouted Chadwick, yanking his arm up. Then, amazed at his temerity, he added in an undertone, "This is my best sweater." His Adam's apple began bobbing up and down like a buoy in a high sea.

"Hell, I'm really sorry," said Sloan, and proceeded to make the stain even larger by wiping it with a paper napkin.

Paterson shook his head. "That's gonna be hard to get out. The only thing worse than that is blood. I remember one game last year when some bastard's cleat sliced my arm open. I got blood all over my uniform and it didn't come out for the whole season. Remember that, Sloan?"

"Yeah. What a mess!"

Chadwick had paled at the mention of blood, a fact noticed by Paterson. Now they both launched into a discussion of who had spilled the most gore on the field. Chadwick mumbled something

about using water on the stain and dashed into the kitchen.

Paterson shouted after him, "Bring some blood . . . I mean bread, when you come back, pledge."

When Chadwick came back, they had stopped talking. He wanted to leave then and there, but Paterson stopped him.

"Siddown, pledge."

Chadwick sat down, more miserable than the day he left home to go to college.

"Coming to the party tomorrow night?" asked Paterson.

"Party?" said Chadwick vaguely. "No, I guess not."

"You a party-pooper, too?" asked Sloan in an astonished voice. "A hot stud like you oughta be able to pick up all kinds of snatch."

Chadwick didn't know what "snatch" was, but he was in no mood to press the point. He just sat with a blank look on his face.

"Snatch, Chad — *girls!*" Sloan seemed horrified. "You *do* know *some* girls, don't you?"

"Well, uh . . . not too many."

"C'mon, now . . . five? four? You *gotta* know at least one girl."

"I really haven't had much time and . . ."

"Bwana boy," said Sloan, "it's time you saw some action." He gave Chadwick a slap on the back that seemed more like a judo chop than a friendly pat. Chadwick buckled in his seat like a piece of tinfoil and burped.

"I don't want to go, really I don't." The only time Chadwick had ever been to parties was when he had a birthday, and he had even hated them. He felt his stomach grumble.

"Don't be stupid," said Paterson. "Why'd you wanna pledge a frat, anyway — to eat lunch?"

"Well, I was never away from home before. I guess I wanted friends."

"Sure, sure," said Paterson heartily. "We're going to show you we're friends by doing you a favor — a big favor."

Saying this, he pulled out his wallet and took a dog-eared picture from it. He placed it next to Chadwick's plate and sat back with a satisfied smile on his face.

"Will you just *look* at that broad?" he said.

Chadwick looked and then looked harder, squinting in disbelief.

"Why, she's not too good looking, is she?" he said faintly.

Paterson seemed shocked. "You should care more about her personality."

"But she's got lots of pimples," said Chadwick, still squinting.

"Ah, the lighting wasn't too hot when they took the picture — makes things look worse than they are. Besides, those pimples are all gone now."

"Now she's got acne," said Sloan under his breath. Chadwick didn't hear him, but Paterson kicked him in the ankle.

"She's still not too pretty . . . I mean, even without the pimples." Chadwick had given up on squinting at the picture. He was looking at Paterson with despair, wishing his mother would phone, or a bomb would drop — anything!

"You're being misled by her hair style. The way she has it now makes her face look fatter than it is. Picture her with her hair straight and tell me if that doesn't change things."

"No."

"Christ, Chad . . . you think I'd palm a scag off on you? You're a *pledge* here. Ask Sloan if she isn't a great kid."

Sloan had begun to snicker, but another kick in the ankle stopped that. "Right! Chad, baby, you'll have a ball with this sc . . . er . . . girl. She's one in a million."

Chadwick's Adam's apple had given up trying to rise any higher, and he was dimly aware that he was blinking faster than usual.

"But I've got a lot of studying to do. Don't you see? I *can't* come.

Paterson leaned forward and carefully put the picture back in his wallet. He ripped a corner from one of the paper napkins and scribbled something on it.

"No 'buts' about it, pledge. You call this number tonight and ask for Myra Koss. If you don't . . ." Patterson made a slicing motion across his throat. "The brothers'll think you're some kind of fink-out. You'll be cut at the next meeting. Understand?"

Chadwick mumbled "yes" under his breath. His head was lowered and he was surprised to see drops of water appearing from nowhere on his trousers.

"Then show you got *balls*, pledge!" shouted Sloan in his ear. "Grab your jacket and *run* out of here. Don't want to keep Koss

waiting, do you?"

Chadwick rose and took his jacket from the back of the chair but dropped it as he tried to put it on.

"Don't bother with your jacket," yelled Paterson. *"Run!"*

Chadwick ran for the stairs, dropping the scrap of paper as he bumped into the swinging doors.

When the pledgemaster came down a moment later, Paterson and Sloan were in hysterics. He went to the table and dropped a pledge pin on it. Both boys had become silent when they saw the pledgemaster, and the pin made a tinny bumping sound in the quiet room.

The pledgemaster was the first to speak. "What the hell did you goddam jocks pull now," he said tightly. "Chad threw this at me in the corridor upstairs and ran out crying. What's the matter, a straight 'A' boy bug you?"

"What d'you mean?" asked Paterson, wiping his cheek and trying to keep from breaking out laughing again. "We do anything, Sloan?"

But Sloan couldn't answer. He was laughing too hard, his head held up by an elbow that was unwittingly resting in Chad's plate of cold ravioli.

# THANKS FOR THE SUNSET

David Haracz

I stand enamoured of a dying sky
Now ringed round in gold,
Now wed to night
Peel the packing paper past
From window walls and cry
For night unblemished.
Blonde cherub children
Frolic in pools of brilliant waters
Until the clouds, grey against their gold,
Chase them to corners dark with age.
They emerge, silver apparitions of themselves,
No longer gold, no longer children.
I stand enamoured of a dying sky.

# "TOMORROW AND TOMORROW . . ."

Jeanette Sachs

In the cold
The pale black of Sunday,
Much after the joy
And the red —
The yellow fire-red
And orange blood-red joy —
It is good to walk among the silent ones.

The old one
Who, because of his knowledge
Desires nothing more than thought.
Bushes, yes,
And bare barren branches,
They are enough for him.
Dank rooms
With wood soft to the thumb.
They are enough.

The spirit of a star
Crossing eons of time
With a single spark.
Blueness of nothing, nothing —
Nothing at all —
Between us.
Space only to separate
My need
And its sufficient solitude.

On a grey-red Tuesday.

Perhaps tomorrow . . .

# NO PARADISE IN EDEN

James Cortese

(It was at Obrawalde, the picturesque sanatorium set amidst quiet and sylvan parks in central Germany, that, between 1942-45, 800 enfeebled and demented patients were spoon-fed to death with the aid of kind and motherly nurses who always performed their duty with love.)

They cannot tell me why this house is haunted;
We do not speak for what speech might reveal,
We do not think for what horror might be found
That lies beneath the thin veneer of thought.
It is a fear, some vague, prophetic fear,
That at the final chimes of the midnight bell
Begins to sprout and grow and darkly bloom
Against the welling shadows of our doom.
And we become possessed and then transformed
To things like those that creep or crawl in slime.
And you, even you, sweet angel of light,
Radiant angel of love and life and light,
Even you, tearing off this paper mask,
Become the angel of our death and night.

# FINAL SOLUTION

James Cortese

Tell me how it would be,
how it would be, if every hour,
every conscious minute and second,
were some delirious dream of fright,
some phantasm of blood,
some parody of agony and tears,
an absurd circus of certain death,
projected from paranoic minds.
What? You cannot think or say?
Then never mind, it has been told,
already told a thousand times.
Speak now only of the horror
that lies hidden in the deep
beneath the quiet waters,
under the windy hill of palms
and at the still point, the eye,
the pivot of the spinning world.
It is here that you now become
my brother and twin — my image,
here among the cages and pits,
the fires, the stench, the screams,
here that we fall upon each other
to cut, to hack, to disembowel
within the light of this shadow
where hope never comes.

# BENEATH THE SKIES THAT BLEED

James Cortese

Morning has shown no new flower,
no emulation in white and gold,
the skies reveal no sent messenger
from the halls of silent Heaven,
and the world spins among worlds
as the shoes of the leaden seas
go under the swell of the winter storm.
But what Paradise after this deluge?
The river will complete its circuit,
down into the deepest well of gloom.
But out of the packs that whine
with foaming jowls at the waning moon
or cower in hidden corners of dark
or drink the blood of the lamb,
we remember those very few among us
who took on the yoke of horror:
You, who made no wager with death,
who made no pact with immortality,
You, who spat the truth with venom
and blood and redeemed your lives
between the bullet and the wall.

# SKETCHES FROM A LONGER POEM IN PROGRESS

Vaughn Sigouin

In white May, to the stations on the grass
Shuffle the communicants. Even now
Purgation grows their flowers for Jesus.
They see St. Michael shrug aside the blow
Of dragon with his goodness, and kneel
Still before the righteous scene in granite.
Not as these monuments that will never feel
Their blunt declaration on the quiet
Heads, they pass the plot of the parish dead
Where sunken mounds exude the passing lent.
The rape of the stations is mirrored
In the eyes of these Irish innocents.

* * * * * * * *

There was a season when the harsh
Atlantic air whistled through
  Our Nantucket shack,
Leaving the apple of your eye
A cast of salt.

Love, the Eden of our time
Is become a beach of shallow pools
Where starfish await
The cycle of the tide.

*A new reworking of J. Cortese's 'The Crow' which appeared in the last issue of CÆSURA.*

# THE ROOSTER

Sidney Armour

*Follow the yellow brick road.*
—C. MUNCHKIN

There within the stiff gossamers,
the hexograms of feather-frocked chicken wire,
shaking in spasms of decrepit age
and flaking rosy scales of iron rust;
there beneath the pillars of coop-plank
and spreading filamented web;
there, inordinate among hens that cluck,
among fat and witless hens that peck,
he strutted, quiet, easy, proud,
confident as a cat,
horny as the pit of peach.

# THE CHARACTER OF AMERICA 1965

*I heard that you ask'd for something to prove*
*this puzzle to the New World,*
*And to define America, her athletic Democracy,*
*Therefore I send you my poems that you behold*
*in them what you wanted.*

*Walt Whitman*

Whitman chose to express in poetry the energy of a growing America, for he aptly felt that literature does indeed catch the temper of a country.

THE CHARACTER OF AMERICA 1965 is our attempt to present what campus writers are saying about their country. If we accept the following selections as representative of contemporary student opinion, we might conclude that today's students are vitally interested in the questions of race tolerance, sexual morality, national conformity, and the significance of war.

# THE WAY OF AN ANGEL

Marcia Sutherland

Craig Marshall shut out the cobalt blue of the January sky by squinting against the glaring winter sun. He pressed the back of his head into the snow, hearing it crunch around his ears, then lay his arms out away from his sides, and began flailing them across the surface of the snow. He heard a giggle and opened his eyes to see the upside-down face of a third grade classmate grinning at him. Sinclair West held his foot over Craig's face and pretended to step on him with one of his black galoshes. Craig rolled over on one side, jumped up and looked at the colored boy.

"Sinky, look what you made me do! That was going to be a good angel."

"C'mon, lemme make one beside'ja."

The boys had not known each other long. Amid a caustic shower of anonymous letters and phone calls of protest, and bitter criticisms of a "nigger-lovin' " real estate agent, the West family had moved barely a month before into a house two streets away from Craig's home. Now the two eight-year-olds lay side by side, swinging their arms in the snow. Craig sat up carefully, and pulled himself to his feet. He offered Sinky his hand and the two of them admired their celestial imprints. In a short while the Marshall's yard was generously dotted with angels.

When Sinky sat down to empty the snow out of his boot, Craig began packing some moist snow into a ball. He rolled it across the yard until its weight made it pick up grass and dirt from the frozen ground beneath. He called to his Negro neighbor to help him, and the two boys pushed the snow boulder directly in front of the house. Sinky stood up, pulled off his striped stocking hat, and rubbed his black stubbed hair with a mitten dusted with snow. Craig leaned against the base of their snowman and watched his friend reach into his pocket and produce a Hershey bar. Sinky carefully broke off four squares and gave them to Craig, and ate four himself, wrapping the rest to put them back into his pocket.

Craig dug the toe of his boot into the base of the huge snowball, and using the indentation as a step, scrambled up and stood on top of the rolled snow, lifted one arm and shouted, "Statue of Liberty!" Just as he said the words he felt his foot slip out from under him. The ball broke into big sections and Craig landed in a pile of snow chunks. Sinky began laughing as Craig came to his knees, and soon both boys were rolling in the snow giggling at the white powder that stuck to their eyelashes and cheeks.

The afternoon sun reflected brilliantly off the polished black hood of Mrs. Marshall's car as it moved slowly up the driveway. Craig lifted his head, saw his mother, and headed for the car. Suddenly he stopped, turned, and looked back at Sinky who was emptying his other boot of snow. Craig backed away from Sinky, stumbling over the piled snow beside the front walk. He turned his head quickly to see his mother stepping out of the car. Craig's mouth was dry and his heart throbbed. He picked up a large cinder from the icy walk and packed snow around it. Sinky was on his knees smiling at Craig when the stinging missile hit him squarely on his cheek.

# THE ENEMY

Peter Hoyt

The world was black; a pulsating, seething darkness seemingly an entity unto itself in which time had no relevance; blackness, with no beginning and no end. Once there had been light, but the night is long.

A body lay face down in the ashes, the life slowly draining through fully a dozen wounds; any one of them should have proved fatal. But a warm ember of consciousness still glowed within that shell of once-proud humanity. The black fog reeled back as if repelled by its failure to attain total conquest; yet it hovered close at hand, a vulture awaiting the final death rattle. It swirled up and around the once-mighty trees, now reduced to blackened frames reflecting a past that had never existed.

The ember glowed, faintly at first, then caught, and fought off the rising sleep until at last full awareness was achieved. The great, burly hand reached out, probing through the rubble, until at last it touched the cold smoothness of steel. The fingers closed about the grips of a machine pistol; it was the only thing that he had ever truly owned, and he cherished it. The arm quivered, and he pulled it against his side with a savage, yet tender ferocity. His hand caressed the metal, its slick oiled surface unyielding under his firm grip; then a frozen stillness. His mind was slipping, drifting back again to the time before . . .

He was running. He was not alone; there were eleven others, and they were running. Down they ran, down the hill where once the trees had grown, down into the dust where once a stream had flowed. The sound of their boots pounding on the dry earth the only sound to disturb the stillness of the half-light. They ran not out of fear but out of hate.

A shot rang out from the fog, sharp and angry, and a man dropped to his knees, head back and eyes up, one arm outstretched gripping his weapon, and then eternity. Another shot, and the low, throaty roar of a heavy machine gun. He felt a sting, and then a warm, wet sensation in his shoulder. They raised their weapons, and with a short staccato blast, rendered payment in kind. A voice called out from the fog, "Why do you shoot us? We are your brothers!" . . . then silence; but they are not our brothers, they are the enemy.

And he ran on. He was not alone; there were six others, and they were running.

In the fog ahead there was movement, and then they fired and the world ran red. Again and again he felt the fiery stab of pain pass through him, but he ran on, and then he was alone. . .

The spark had rekindled, and his mind again returned to his conscious surroundings. With great effort, he rolled over onto one side; his legs, numb and unresponsive, twisted, following the impulse only through the greatest effort of his arms. The weapon now presented itself to his view and even now, in the first grey hint of light, he could see the blood and dirt which now adorned it, and he frowned.

His thumb closed on the release, and the empty magazine dropped, to be cradled in the palm of his free hand. Carefully, with all the tenderness of a young mother feeding her child, he pressed the few cartridges he had left into place, then snapped the magazine back into its proper place; now he would be ready for the enemy when they came, and he knew they would come soon.

He gripped the weapon tightly against his chest in an effort to overcome the throbbing pain that had engulfed him, but it was too late, and his mind began to drift back again to the time before, but this time back even further, back to the beginning . . .

He sat on the floor of a cave among the rest. There were many, then, before the enemy was strong. They did not talk much, for they knew what was to be done. They were the last; when they died, hope for success would die with them. Their lives were dedicated to the Cause. It was their reason for survival; without it they would have ceased to exist and faded into the mist. They were the Cause, and they knew what they must do . . .

His mind was brought back to the reality around him almost instantly. Some sense, deeply instilled in the back of his brain, had detected the presence of the enemy. With one movement, smooth and cat-like, his body rolled back over and around so that he could face back the way he had come.

With one hand he pushed back the cocking knob of his weapon, allowing it to snap back, sliding a cartridge into the chamber. He steadied it, cheek pressed tight against the stock, his hand wrapped firmly around the fore grip, and one finger poised motionlessly a hair's breadth from the trigger. His body was tense, a coiled cobra ready to strike, and he waited.

His body throbbed, and it seemed that he could stand the pain no longer, and then he knew. The motion ahead of him in the fog was sensed more than seen, yet its existence was none the less real.

The mists swirled, and the grey early-light revealed the dark outline of a figure — the enemy. He had heard about the enemy; they were all that was evil and dark. They were not like us. They had to be stopped. Kill the enemy. The enemy must die . . .

His finger twitched over the trigger, but it did not tighten. The figure stood motionless before him, tall and straight, but not menacing; and then he knew the truth. He knew that there was no Cause; that this before him was not the enemy, but that he himself, and that from which he had been created, was the enemy, but it was too late. His mind had lost control of his body to that which was ingrained in his existence, to that which had been drummed into his subconscious; kill the enemy; the enemy must die; kill . . .

His finger tightened on the trigger of the weapon, but he did not know; the ember had gone out . . .

Behind the fog a stream wound its way down, down between the hills where the trees grew, and the sun was shining.

# PUTTING OUT CITY LIGHTS

David Axelrod

There you go, Ginsberg, howling again,
sitting there, pen and genitals in hand
telling us what it's all about.
You, Allen Ginsberg, with your crazy
second-generation semetic complexes
in your I-centered world. Teach us our lessons.
Tell us something about poetry and men.
Bay at the moon.

I knew a plain woman (what's the difference
if it was my mother) who asked me, once,
"Who wants to read unhappy things?
Can't someone write a happy poem?"
And how can you argue with that, Ginsberg?
Doesn't that solve everything?
And who are you to wave your genitals at me
shouting touch and be healed?

One night, soon after, I sat down,
seriously, to write a happy poem,
with my soft music, some tea, sweets,
incense, soft cushions and carpets;
my typewriter before me, stocked
with easy-erase paper to cover my mistakes . . .

"Artifacts! All monuments to consumership,"
she said, and huffed across the shopping plaza,
through Jordan's river of goods, unseeing, and left.
That was my friend's dismissal of it all.
She wasn't happy either.

And he's not happy. And she's not happy
and so-so's just had an abortion,
and joe-blow is blowing it again
and I-don't-know he said
and I want-to-be-free she said and
who am I to get the U.S. out of the U.N.
and we shall overcome two four six eight
we don't want to fight tonight oh
left right left right absolute confusion
absolute
con- fu- sion
a be se oo ul u te con fu si on

But we will show you, Allen Ginsberg.
We will. Someday. Somewhere, we will
write a happy poem. Even
if the public won't read
75,000
copies
of
it.

# "AND THEY ALL COME OUT THE SAME"

Lynne Pierce

I turned the car radio up when I recognized Pete Seeger's voice . . . "they're all put in little boxes and they all come out the same." That song had been running through my head all day. I guess it was the orderliness of that city, the modern school buildings, and those nondescript white laboratories that caused it. The men in white lab coats which had I.D. cards on chains clipped to their collars gave you that "brave new world" feeling. Actually, Los Alamos, New Mexico, was quite scenic with its mountain greenery and varied architecture, so it didn't *all* look the same. Perhaps that feeling came to me from knowing the city was all government owned and controlled. The planned program to terminate federal ownership of facilities and gradually increase private property ownership should reduce that feeling of "sameness."

It would be a tough job to teach in a community like that, I thought. So many of the children's parents have their doctoral degrees and their average I.Q. is very high. I was relieved to be returning to my little community of laborers and small businesses along the river where they don't know what a real challenge in education is, nor do they care. Yet, the information I obtained on the tour of the Los Alamos labs would give me more insight into the new unit on atomic energy that I was preparing for my class of junior boys.

I began humming with the music, as I did sixty-five down the dark highway. I couldn't shake the thoughts of the atomic waste labs — the pyrex glass test tubes, the shiny metal gadgets, the huge filtering tanks, the intricate machines. The fact that the first atomic bomb was exploded at "Trinity Site" in 1945 as the result of their research and experimentation did not seem to phase these scientists. The future of the whole civilization was at their fingertips, but it seemed all in a day's work.

Suddenly the car lunged at a sharp turn and I was jolted from my thoughts. The engine began to clank and grind. I pulled the old Chevy off the road onto the shoulder. It died on the spot. Within a few minutes, I decided that I'd need some new part. I scratched the back of my neck and scanned the black horizon. My headlights fell on a sign ten feet ahead which marked the entrance to a Hopi Indian pueblo. I knew that this would be my best bet — I decided to see if the Indians had discovered "the telephone," as yet. I started along the road. The stones crunched beneath my soles and the dust made my eyes water. Finally I could see the dark silhouettes of adobe huts in a cluster. With my flashlight I discovered that the village was just beyond these fields of broken fences and tumbleweed — the southwest wind tossed a few of the latter my way. On the first rutted street to the left, a small hut stood behind an adobe wall. I walked up to the door and knocked. No answer. I knocked until a hesitant tug pulled the door open a crack. The light from inside revealed a middle-aged Indian woman clasping a thick shawl over her head. Her suspicious dark eyes questioned me. I asked where I might find a phone or someone to help me with car trouble. She curtly replied, "Go see George," and pointed left with her work-worn hand. I thanked her and followed the directions. The next hut was larger and two stories high. I nearly tripped on a fallen ladder, as I headed for the door. I figured that George was the chief or some leader of the pueblo people . . . this must be his house. I was wrong, and was sent on my way with the words, "Go see George." Finally I located him.

His mud hut was separate from the rest. The light from my flashlight revealed a fairly new structure. I was relieved when a tall, bronzed, middle-aged Indian opened the door. I explained about my car on the highway and he nodded in sympathy — just another Anglo who had been out-foxed by a machine he had pushed too hard. George picked up the phone and dialed the A.A.A. After a phone conversation which seemed to be between acquaintances, the Indian told me that they were all tied up with a wreck and they couldn't get out until the morning. I had little choice but to accept George's cot for the night. I called the principal to describe my dilemma and excuse my expected lateness the next morning. George made some coffee on a small gas burner which looked quite out of

place in that setting.

I leaned back in a wooden chair and began to scan his "bachelor apartment," which certainly had more color than mine. The one room was large with thick adobe walls. A cave-like fireplace was dug into the wall opposite me. On a wooden bench to the left lay several crude pieces of silver and rough turquoise stones. George must have been a craftsman of the tribe who made jewelry for the trading post at the entrance to the pueblo. A hand-woven rug with geometric designs of black and tan hung on the wall. Various shaped pottery of red and black clay had been stacked in the corner on the earth floor. The wooden beams overhead supported the dried mud ceiling, as well as hand-tooled leather goods, feathered headpieces, and antler carvings strung with rawhide.

George brought over two mugs of steaming coffee and I began to ask him about his pueblo and people. His English, with a distinct Hopi accent, came out at a slow and easy pace. Twelve years before, George entered the University in spite of the criticisms of the pueblo elders. When he graduated from college, he did not abandon his people, as they feared, but returned home with the aim of creating a better understanding between the Indians and the Anglos. Organization of labor in the pueblo had improved. They sought his advice on many issues. The chiefs were skeptical, but respected the good work he had done for his people. Several problems still hindered progress. Within the tribe there was the conflict between the Catholic priest and the chiefs concerning the ancient tribal ritual. The priest encourages the Indian to abandon the pagan ceremonies and not to be blasphemous to the Catholic faith. The Indians refuse. Another problem which often arose involved the government's using Indian land without their consent. The government had already made plans to construct a highway right through sacred ceremonial grounds and failed to consider the chiefs' decisions on the matter.

I was also curious about the Indian concept of the American tourist. Why weren't tourists allowed to take pictures of the Indians and their pueblo, in many cases? Yet why do the Indians try to satisfy the tourist trade with the sale of jewelry, pottery, fresh bread, and admission to certain ceremonial dances? George explained that certain Indians held mystical beliefs about reproducing the human being or his home on film — it was damaging to the soul.

Many Indians, however, were glad to don their native dress and let the tourist stand and take pictures. There were no great secrets to be kept from the Americans. All the folklore and ritual were described in detail in many libraries. The Indian just wouldn't stand for American interference on sacred ground.

I learned that the pueblo was mainly self-sufficient. Agriculturally, they produced little beyond what they needed to live on. Legal protection for the offending Indian made this separation from the mainstream of American society even more apparent. If an Indian committed a misdemeanor or crime off the reservation and he returned to his pueblo before being caught, the police would have to take measures through the chief of the tribe, whose position was arbitrarily decided.

George continued his explanations by picturing a life of economic deficiency. He wanted sympathy, but he wanted understanding more. His proposed solution to the problems of his people was a consolidation of pueblos along the river into a group of autonomous cities with municipal governments. He wanted their isolation to be transformed into independence. The Indian had been forced from his hunting ground to the less desirable areas by the white frontiersman and the Spaniards. The Indian preserved his culture and now does not want to abandon it for the rapid American pace that he can't understand. Why should these people give up their privacy to become the last rung on the American social ladder?

My coffee was gone; my eyelids were heavy. We unfolded cots and pulled out two coarse feather quilts and thick blankets to cushion them. I kicked off my shoes and crawled under the covers. I was dead to the world in a minute.

The next thing I knew, a stream of sun was shining in my face through the window. The dim earthiness of the adobe hut made the rest of the room cool. I turned over to recollect where I was. I noticed that George had folded up his cot and left. I heard low voices outside and strained to see out the open door. Indian women with dark children strapped to their backs were baking bread in and out with large, flat wooden paddles. The aroma made my stomach growl, but I knew I had to get on the road. I sat up, pulled on my shoes, and walked out into the blinding morning sun. I was surrounded by dried mud huts . . . crumbling, patched with scrap lum-

ber . . . they all looked just the same. Behind the ovens there were piles of adobe brick and the foundation for a new home. It seemed like a lot of hard labor, but the thick walls provided the cheapest form of insolation for them. Dirty little children scurried around me. Mongrel dogs barked and tussled. The village was well awake. I could see fairly decent cars parked outside these rundown huts. A pickup truck bounced over the ruts toward the highway; it carried about twenty Indian laborers to the city.

George appeared from behind a newer pueblo and beckoned me to follow him. We headed for the road and I could see the Chevy with the A.A.A. truck behind it. It was going to be a tow job, I was soon told. We hooked her up and I climbed in beside the mechanic at the wheel of the truck. I shook George's hand and thanked him for the hospitality. I wondered if he knew just how much he had given me to think about.

We pulled onto the highway and I rode in sleepy silence beside the mechanic. That song began to run through my head again . . . "they were all put in little boxes and they all came out the same." The pueblo had given me that same feeling of limitation, regulation, similarity, that I had experienced the day before at Los Alamos. Ironically, in this one state, some of the first remnants of ancient Man were discovered in cave explorations and his Indian ancestors live today; in this state, the first atomic bomb was exploded only miles from their pueblos. The past and the future stand side by side. The Indian is a captive of the power of American society and American society is a captive of the power of atomic energy.